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THE
JACK
LAFAIENCE
BOOK

J. J. Mc LOUGHLIN.



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The Jack Lafaience Book

By

James J. McLoughlin

Illustrated

By

George F. Castleden

Printed

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New Orleans



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—DEDICATION—

To that meeting place of good fellows skilled in many arts, in many sciences, but above all skilled in the art of kindly friendship, to the club he loved and served so joyously and faithfully, where Jack Lafaience held an unshared place, to—

THE ROUND TABLE CLUB OF NEW ORLEANS,

This Volume is Dedicated in Memory of

JAMES JOSEPH McLOUGHLIN,

Its President,

1913-1916.

CONTENTS

	Page
<i>James J. McLoughlin</i>	4
<i>Dedication—Henry W. Robinson</i>	7
<i>Foreword—Dr. Pierce Butler</i>	11
<i>Jack Lafaience and His Raison D'etre—James J. McLoughlin</i>	14
<i>Ma Dog Feech or That Dok Hunt</i>	20
<i>Jack Lafaience Speaks on the Drainage Tax</i>	22
<i>Jack Lafaience Rejoices</i>	26
<i>Jack Lafaience Stands by the Illinois Central on Its Louisiana Avenue Project</i>	29
<i>Jack Lafaience Comes Out Boldly for Fitzpatrick and Against Uptown Aristocrats</i>	31
<i>Louisiana Lottery</i>	34
<i>Jack Lafaience Is Delighted With the “Glove Contest” Case</i>	38
<i>Jack Lafaience on the Garbage Law</i>	40
<i>Jack Lafaience Expresses Himself Concerning Electric Cars and the Cream Cheese Line</i>	42
<i>The Removal of Clay Statue</i>	46
<i>The Ridge Road—Jack Lafaience Opposes an Increase of Travel on the Metairie Line</i>	50
<i>Jack Lafaience on the Iniquity Called the Public Schools About Joe Jefferson</i>	52
<i>The Citizens’ League Election</i>	57
<i>How Anool Got Arrested in La Nouvelle Orleans (told by himself)</i>	59
<i>The Spanish War</i>	62
<i>Botto and The City Park Festival</i>	66
<i>Speech of Jack Lafaience at the Bar Dinner, May 29, 1900—Civil Service</i>	68
<i>Clemence and Her Bicycle</i>	74
<i>McKinley’s Message to Congress</i>	76

CONTENTS

	Page
<i>Jack Lafaience Feels Hurt at the Parades Neglecting Creole Town</i>	79
<i>Zizi</i>	82
<i>Street Car Service—Jack Lafaience</i>	84
<i>A Creole Sermon</i>	86
<i>Jack Lafaience on Ice Cream Ordinance</i>	88
<i>Jack Lafaience and the City Hall Budget Inspection</i> ..	90
<i>Canal Street Ropes, 1906—Jack Lafaience Writes Sylvestre About New Order</i>	95
<i>Papa-Bote Jules</i>	99
<i>Jack Lafaience Greets the President</i>	105
<i>Jack Lafaience Discusses the Bench, the Bar and Mr. Farrar</i>	108
<i>Court Scene</i>	112
<i>Address at Lumbermen's Banquet</i>	114
<i>Address Before the American Bankers' Association</i> ..	116
<i>The Ferryboat Man and Daniel Webster</i>	124
<i>Jack Lafaience to Vote for Behrman</i>	126
<i>Jack Lafaience on Inheritance Tax</i>	129
<i>Philosophy of Jack Lafaience on the Races</i>	131
<i>The Proposed West End Boulevard</i>	134
<i>Commissioner Lafaye Marooned by Hurricane</i>	136
<i>The Creole Courtship</i>	140
<i>Woodrow Wilson's Time</i>	142
<i>Long Pole Needed to Reach Car Company</i>	144
<i>No Difference Between Motormen and Millionaires</i> ..	146
<i>Reconstruction of Mobile Railroad</i>	148
<i>James J. McLoughlin (eulogy)—Bussiere Rouen</i>	152
<i>The Origin of the Forget-Me-Not</i>	157
<i>Ye Weather Rhyme (Vic Calver)</i>	158
<i>A Municipal Problem</i>	162
<i>Twenty-Five Dollars or Thirty Days</i>	172
<i>Hey, Diddle Diddle (a criticism)</i>	181

FOREWORD

It is easy to justify to ourselves our liking for the people and the things and the books we know. But we should all wish to feel a fair assurance back of this liking, a fair and sound reason such as we may offer to others, to justify us in our taste. Thus it is with one of the most notable and distinctive men of our community, our friend "Jack Lafaience." We knew the man, we felt the charm of his engaging personality, the compelling power of his wit; we should like to believe that in his sparkling letters there is also some lasting good that will win them, as literature, some of the value they had as occasional contributions to our enjoyment.

Let us first remind ourselves, in a hasty summary, of the field covered by Jack Lafaience, of the extent of his interest in, and of his influence upon the people, the affairs, the civic life of New Orleans.

From the early days, before that 14th of September which restored control of this city to its citizens, we find a boy's voice raised in fervent appeal on behalf of good government—it is the boy who is to become the father of "Jack Lafaience." In every crisis since the days when the lottery evil was banished, we have looked, and looked not in vain, for those penetratingly caustic, apt, and yet naively expressed comments in the letters of Jack Lafaience. The letters, tho sparing neither press nor politician, were given space readily in the press, and were not resented even by the politician. The Drainage Tax (1889) is defeated (for a time), but all glory to the conservation of the crayfish—and Jack Lafaience keeps up his fight for drainage, and we win at last, and surely we all rejoice. We are not concerned (1892) over the possibility of having another of our great avenues, in the growing uptown section, diverted to the uses of a railroad—but Jack Lafaience makes us

laugh, makes us think, makes us feel concerned. We make a timid beginning in municipal civil service, to the tune of Jack's laughter (1900). We find a keen lawyer sticking pins in the inheritance tax of 1912. We find Jack, the comfortable fisherman, grieving for his wooden railway bridges in 1920.

And in this generation of service and of progress, the voice of Jack Lafaience has become, as it were, a living personality, whose note we knew, whose purpose we trusted, whose form and figure even took shape in our fancy. This volume of his letters and sketches, then, we may safely assert, will have a lasting value for future students of the history of New Orleans. Here is record, whimsical but often extraordinarily vivid and human, of the civic growth of a most interesting city.

But all of this, one may well say, is local, of ephemeral purpose and interest. In a measure this will be true. But there is creative force that forms that figure of the hectic, explosive, ultra-conservative petit bourgeois, native to the soil. Mr. McLoughlin has, in the person of Jack himself, gone far toward creating for us a lasting character of fiction. It is so kindly and humanly done that we feel sure there will be no misconception: Jack is not a caricature of the Creole, above all he is not that creature of hybrid race represented as the Creole by less scrupulous or misinformed writers. He is the ultra-conservative, the representative of certain habits of thought and life in which our intensely home-loving people might be led to dwell if the better elements in them were not stirred. And I believe the readers of this volume will come to know him and to remember him.

Not only in Jack himself, whose mission of critic and commentator upon politics and politicians necessarily carries him into all sorts of subjects during his thirty years of activity, but also in his friends and kindred of the sketches such as Mélanie, and Papa-Bote Jules, we find consistent purpose and skill. It is a phase of society, a little corner, humorously, skilfully, clearly pictured for us. There is

more than the cleverness of a good anecdote; the characters are defined, they stand out as figures, they create an atmosphere that will re-create for the reader a sense of reality. And with this final word we leave them to the reader; it is a glimpse of a social life that really was.

PIERCE BUTLER.



ADDRESS BEFORE THE ROUND TABLE CLUB, 1912.

JACK LAFAIENCE AND HIS *RAISON D'ETRE*.

When Dr. Warner did me the honor of raising my fugitive reflections upon men and affairs to the dignity of a theme, and asked me to discuss and explain it before this erudite Club, I was pleased beyond measure. At the same time, I was at a loss to determine what to say, and how to say it.

Jack Lafaience himself would not feel at home amid such surroundings, for the white-sanded floor of Jean Marie's Cabaret would be more to his liking than these gilded halls of luxury and learning.

Nor would he deem his homely talk and peculiar philosophy fit pabulum for minds that habitually drink in Greek, or listen to Shakespearean elucidations from our genial president. But there is an old saying "God is good to the Irish," and Providence must have favored me. Just as I was in the depths to ascribe a *bona fide raison d'être* for my other self, Prof. Alcée Fortier comes along, and in one of his able and conclusive dissertations, proves that the aim and object of Jack Lafaience is to preserve, for all time, the French language of the good old days of Hugh Capet, before external influences had broken into the Academy to corrupt its virility and steal its simplicity.

The learned Athenian has stoutly disclaimed any such intention; however, it is the privilege of Jack Lafaience to do his own interpreting and to draw his own conclusions, as we have discovered long ago.

But, apart from his philological *raison d'être*, so ably demonstrated by Prof. Fortier's thesis, Jask Lafaience has another object in life.

Juvenal said it is difficult not to write satire, and Jack is imbued with this old satirist's belief. His sense of the ridiculous long ago discovered the annoyance caused to an elephant by stepping on a tack. He notices the faults and foibles of mankind, and that one of the most vulnerable joints in the armor of unrighteousness is that which, though granite and iron to the battle-axe of reason, is as softened wax to the darts of ridicule.

Therefore, it is with arrows tipped with good-humored satire, that my hero fights his civic battles, and the first one sped long ago. Its target was the same to which the successors have so often been invited as to a shining mark—the spirit of opposition to progress. We had a drainage election and Jack, of course, opposed the improvement. Alas, for New Orleans, that many who held the ballot were misled; thinking that Jack meant what he said, they took him literally, with the result that our city, like the Scotchman, waited ten years before she saw the joke.

Jack's needles have essayed to prick the bubble commonly called "big-head" on the part of men in high positions. Often have we blushed at the indiscreet remarks of those we believed above the common faults and frailties of mankind, whose very exalted place in life forbade our tongues to speak. Jack, with his license, on such occasions good naturedly tickled the public rib, and a chuckle taught the popular idol the lesson that was to be learned.

On questions of public morality, Jack Lafaience enters into the thoughts of those who believed morality good enough in theory, but utterly impossible in practice. His expressions of opinion, from the point of the law-breaker, were often a revelation to his readers.

In politics, he is nearly always on the winning side, and, indeed, I might remark right here, Jack's views on public matters generally meet the approval and endorsement of his people. For example, as I said before, he defeated the drainge tax in 1889; he elected the "regular" ticket in

1892; his demand for the removal of Henry Clay from Canal Street was eventually recognized, and it was his impassioned appeal that influenced the Constitutional Convention to adopt the "grandfather clause" in 1898. When Civil Service hung in the balance, Jack's letter to the Legislature to save the bosses from destruction rang in Baton Rouge and plucked victory from defeat.

Say what you will, his ideas and beliefs are the ideas and beliefs of thousands of men who possess influence in political circles.

Jack has never been backward in saying what he thinks in matters of social order, or personal comfort. The garbage ordinance, with its elaborate arrangements for differentiating flotsam from jetsam; his alarm at the proposed abolition of the lagniappe system; his control of votes in the Legislature passing the law forbidding trading stamps (a Yankee innovation designed to annihilate beloved lagniappe)—these show his active interest in everything relating to la Nouvelle Orleans.

He had his ideas on electric cars, and they were as hazy as Dr. Holmes' ideas concerning the broomstick train. He was not an admirer of female loveliness astride a bicycle, and, in his own peculiar fashion, he explained the true inwardness of his female relative's love for the wheel. The Spanish war was not beneath his notice, and his exposition of the dismay of the militia when called into active service amused, even if it was exaggerated.

Most, if not all, of Jack's articles have an object in view—some wrong to be righted, or error to be exposed, some hidden motive to be revealed. His raillery is intended not alone to make men laugh, but, also, beyond that, to make them think. His philosophic reflections often lay bare motives that influence many to support a measure seemingly unsupportable, and, paraphrasing General Grant's famous remark, what can be truer—from a Lafaience point of view—than this extract from the Olympic Club letter, referring to the Sunday law—

"The bes' way to rippeal a law ees to h'elect officer w'at riffuse to h'enforce that law."

Does not that strike one as being a practical method employed by many political parties to-day?

Like Prof. Dillard, he is opposed to the "New Methods" in the curriculum of the Public Schools, tho', I fear, for widely different reasons. In matters more frivilous, Jack endeavors to amuse, without offending and the story of Mélanie is but a Creole dress upon a figure that is cosmopolitan. "M'sieu' Saint Louis de L'Orme" is not the first father to hasten a laggard lover. The demure Priscilla was a little inclined that way herself when the agent of Miles Standish sought favor for his doughty principal.

Creole compatriots must not think injustice is done in this sketch, or in the story of "Jules," the seller of "papa-botes" with his bargaining and chaffering. A dollar in goods sells for a dime in cash in other places besides the French Market, and some of us have met Jules' counterpart even in the far-off Orient. Like experiences in the Bazaars of Cairo show that methods there, are not so different from those of the simple-minded vendor of "papa-bote."

Jack Lafaience, though he has sped his shafts right and left, amidst friends and opponents, has had few foes. Like the Irish bard, he has ever tried to verify the lines that

"N'er may fall, one drop of gall
"On wit's celestial feather."

Do not let any of us take to heart too seriously his whims and fancies. To all I say a word or two, in the hope that, as Jack passes from the stage, he will leave behind nothing but pleasant recollections of days gone by. Jack is no stranger in his father's house as he is himself a Creole of the Creoles, and a native of his own dear New Orleans. The character of people he portrays are not of this progressive age; they don't believe in railroads, or "modern improvements." Jack Lafaience despises the newly imported immigrant, and intensely hates the "Yankee," while

he worships his ancestors, and does not care to see his native city changed in any material particular from the way he found it when his forefathers left him in charge. He cannot understand that the march of Empire has turned Southward, and a few short years will drain the swamps which, from time immemorial, have been his hunting grounds. The newly-arrived American, and the pushing, industrious immigrant are transposing his sleepy old New Orleans, from a slumbering Prince Charming, into a commercial and manufacturing giant, panoplied in the armor of modern progress.

But the handwriting is on the wall, and Jack must go; he and his arch enemy, Twentieth Century Civilization, cannot breathe the same air, and he is the one to be vanquished in the contest.

Therefore, his foibles and views are but the result of birth, association and environment, giving to him those ways and queer sayings which exemplify a typical character in our beloved State.

Above all, do not for a moment think that Creoles are represented by Jack Lafaience. Far from it—he is only a type, an amusing specimen with wit and philosophy corresponding, I might say, to well-known characters borrowed from the dear Emerald Isle. This is a type of one small class among a people who are as refined and cultured as those of any community in the world.

The salons of Creole Society show that conversation is not yet a lost art; that literature is not a luxury, and music is not confined to Strauss' waltzes and the latest vaudeville songs. Courtly manners and genuine refinement are not only a tradition, but form a part of the life of today.

The mirror that is held up to Jack Lafaience does not reflect this larger, wider, cultured element, which is the true exponent of Louisiana's Creole population. Their history, accomplishments and charm have been the delight of strangers, and have made this city the Mecca of noted people from all parts of our country.

The mystery that hangs about the name "New Orleans"; the atmosphere that envelopes the "Vieux Carré; the social prestige that emanates from home circles of old families, all have their origin among the Creoles. They have given great jurists, doctors, artists, poets and musicians to our state; they have filled our history with gallant names and the walls of the Cabildo are hung with mementoes of their glorious past.

MA DOG FEECH OR THAT DOK HUNT.

I din' nevair tell yo' 'bout that li'l hont? Yo' know, ma wif' she wek me soon, soon, yes, it was so dark yo' could not see yo' han' befo' yo' face, no. I tek ma musket—yo' din' nevair see that musket? I got that musket lon' time befo' that wah, yes.—O, I was not in that wah mase'f, no, biccause I h'object to those' kin' of thing. Bot, I was wit' those "Home Guard" w'at h'escort Gen'r Bor'gard to th' depot w'en he pass by that wah, him. Who was Gen'l Bor'gard? He was th' greatest soldat since th' time of Napol'n Bon'part an', ef he liv' at th' sem time, yes, yo' don' hear notting 'bout Napol'n Bon'part, him. An' yo' say w'at he do? W'y he th' man w'at keek those United States h'out of Charleston 'arbor, yes, an', ef they din' 'ave lif' preserve' h'on at that time, they fin' theyse'f drown in that h'Atlantic Ocean, them, yes.

Bot, I gon' tell yo' 'bout that li'l hont. I call ma dog Feech — yo' know Feech, eh? Thass fin' dog, him. I get his modder f'om Trep-a'nier, yo' know Trepa'nier chien-chasse, w'at liv' by th' Cut Off in Algiers? He h'import th a t dog f'om Europe, an' yo' can't fin' nodder lik' him, no.— Yes, yes, I gon' tell yo' 'bout ma hont. I liv' by le Desséchement at th' Claiborne



Canal, me, in that lil' red 'ouse paint green—that 'ouse it got one hippoteck h'on it w'at was place by ma gran-fodder befor' that wah, yes, an' as long as I liv' I nevair go'n tek that hippoteck off that 'ouse, no. Well, I pass h'on that Mobile r-railroad to Isle aux Pins, weh ma club 'ave loge, an' I get ma pirogue an' paddle to Bayou Lagoon an' fix mes appeaux—that ma decoy I cut f'om root w'at I fin' at Covington las' sommeh. Then, I mek ma blin' an' hide ma pirogue. Th' water was deep, deep, mos' at ma' neck, at ma neck, yes. Aft' wile I see som' dok, high up in the sky—they was so far, it tek ten min-
ite fo' them to fall to ma h'eye. I call yonk, yonk, an' they see ma decoy. I mek rat, tat, tat h'on ma pantalon an' I stoop down low, low, till I was h'on ma knee, yes. Then I shoot bam! bam!—seex dok, he fall. I sen' ma dog Feech—he bring back h'eight. W'at? yo' don' b'lieve? Yo' com' at ma 'ouse, I show yo' th' dog.



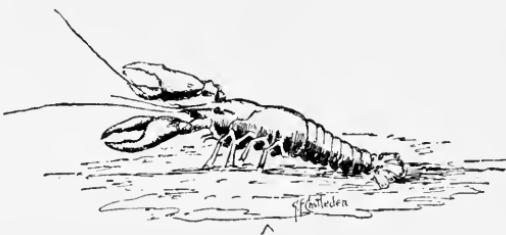
JACK LAFAIENCE SPEAKS ON THE DRAINAGE TAX. —1889.

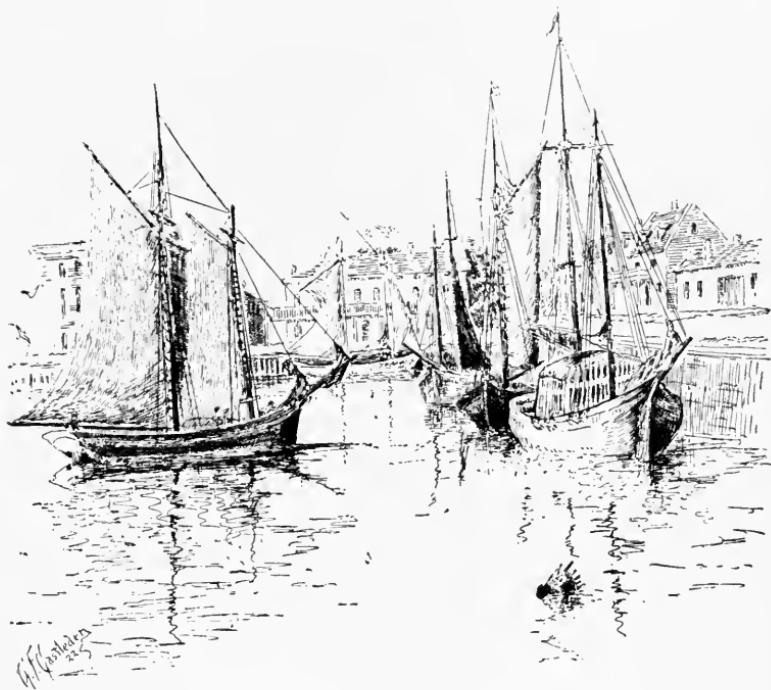
(FOR TIMES-DEMOCRAT)

Mon Cher Sylvestre:

Wat yo' tink, mon amis, those bêtes Americains go'ne do now, yes? Fo' w'at yo' tink they 'ave call one h'lection? Fo' drainage tax! Ah, mon cher cousin, bot those Americains are incroyable. Yo', an' me, an' ou' fodder, an' ou' gran-fodder, 'ave live yeh fo' one hondred an' feefty yea', yes, widout drainage, an' today, afteh h'all that time, they want us to tax ou' sef' fo' drain th' ceety. W'at I want wid drain, me? Fo' w'at mon oncle he dug that canal back by Claiborne Strit, an' fo' w'at le Baron Carondelet he mek th' Old Basin? An' those Yankee bétise they want tax me fo' drain that I'ish settlement wo't belong to those Jonnie Fitz-patrique, him. I leev by th' Cathedral St. Louis, me, an' we peep 'round theh don' want no mo' canal; we don' wan no tax. We 'ave not yet pay those bond w'at we sign befo' th' wah fo' pave Rue Rampart, an' we don' want pave mo' strit ontil that ees pay, yes.

An' drain! Sylvestre, yo' can see th' h'objec' of that tax—those nouveau riche w'at leev h'on that Saint Charles Avenue. They want asphalt, an' gravel, an' gotter wid cover h'on ev'ry strit. They want to kill th' crawfeesh! Ah, I see theh design, me. An' w'en Jack Lafaience see, he see well, yes. An' w'en those optown Yankee try fo' kill th' crawfeesh, Jack Lafaience will be theh, yes, to protect th' emblem of ou' contry, it.





OLD BASIN (CARONDELET CANAL)

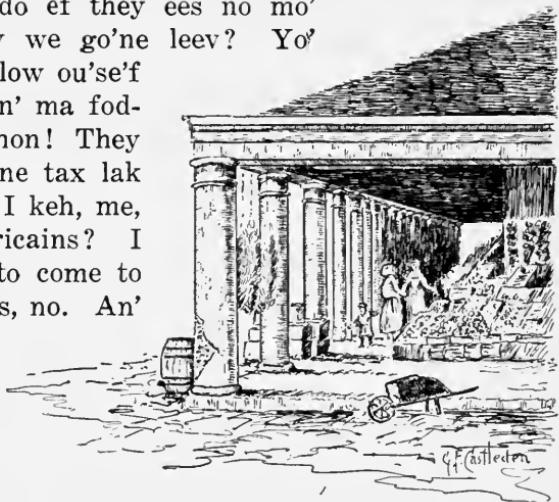
W'at we go'ne do ef they ees no mo' crawfeesh an' 'ow we go'ne leev? Yo' t'ink we go'ne h'allow ou'se'f to be starve, me an' ma fodder, us? Ma foi, non! They will nevair pass one tax lak that, no. W'at do I keh, me, about those Americains? I did'n h'ask them to come to la Nouvelle Orleans, no. An' w'en they come, fo' w'at t'hey want mek this place lak New York, good fo' nothing bot mek monnais?

W'at was good fo' ma fodder ees good fo' me, yes. He catch feesh in those Rue des Ursulines; me, I catch feesh theh, too. He go by th' French Market an' buy one quartie rice, one quartie gombo filée, wid lagniappe red pepper ev'y day fo' dinner, an' me, I do th' sem thing. He pass by th' Bayou an' shoot grobec fo' Sonday, an' me an' ma fils Alphonse, we pass theh, too, yes.

An' yo' tink I want those bayou fill op an' those marsh h'all drain dry? W'eh I go'ne hunt at that time? W'eh I go'ne catch crawfeesh w'en those gotter ees h'all cover up?

Non, mon cher Sylvestre, we will nevair pass that tax. Yo' tell Felix, an' Leonce, an' Arnoul, an' Jean Baptiste, an' h'all ou' fren, an' w'en we go at that h'election, we will show les Americains that Jack Lafaience an' hees familie are not yet prepare fo' mek a Saint Charles Avenue of la ville Nouvelle Orleans.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



JACK LAFAIENCE REJOICES.

(It is somewhat cruel for Jack Lafaince to crow over The Times-Democrat and the drainage advocates in the hour of defeat, as he does in the letter printed below. But, this paper is forgiving enough to publish him after all—to print him, pean of triumph, crawfish and all. It feels that he has a right to parade his victory before the people, and that he can reach more people through its columns than through any other medium hereabouts; that he can thus crow more widely, in fact. In watching him triumphantly proceed in his car of victory, his "charette des meubles" to his proposed picnic in the City Park, the most ardent tax advocate must be prompted to bury his bitter resentment at defeat, or let it simmer down, while Jack's bubbling pot of crawfish simmers up, and diffuses its balmy fragrance in the summer breeze beneath the broad, umbrageous oaks. Beaten though they be, Jack, the tax defenders congratulate you on your victory in the glorious cause of Bisque and Bécassine. They will confess that, at one time, they were mad enough to eat you, but they have no hard feelings left, and your hymn of victory goes. More still, they would fraternize with you across the chasm of opposition, and trust you, in the event of another little ripple, not to pinch so hard as you did last time.)

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Let me congratulate ou'self h'on that h'lection, it. Fo' once mo' th' ancien régime 'ave cover itse'f with la gloire. Fo' once mo' we 'ave show those h'optown bourgeois that we h'own this town ou'sef, yes, an' w'en we say we don' want those gotter clean, they gon stay not clean, them.

Ah, mon cher cousin, bot thass a gret day in ma ward, yes. Yo should see me h'at that tim'. I pass by th' French

Market soon, yes, an' I see Victor, th' botcher, an' Jules, th' boulanger, an' Jean Marie w'at sell milk, an' h'all ou' fr'ens. I geev them a speech h'on th' crawfeesh. Ev'er one of those

men they swear they will nevair desert that emblem of ou' contry. We 'ave déjeuner a l'écrevisse down by th' Lug-gare Exchange, an' we



mek ou' resolve. An' in ma precinct, me an' ma fils Alphonse, we bring h'out a vote w'at sopprise th' opposition, them. Yo' should see that I'ish policeman w'en he see us com' lak une grande armée at th' poll—theh was me, an' ma son Alphonse, an' Anool, an' Theogene, an' Maxime w'at kip th' cabaret, an' Felix, w'at drive strit-car fo' cream-cheese line, Septime, Avariste, an' h'all ou' fren' w'at swear to save th' crawfeesh. Ah, bot that I'ish policeman, he see now that hees whiskey ees ver' strong, bot, it ees not so strong as ou' garlic, no.

We gon' 'ave grand celebration at ma 'ouse next Sonday. Yo' see that rain las' night? Well, ma son Alphonse he pass by th' Claiborne Canal an' he catch seexty dozen crawfeesh an' we goin' mek one big bisque a l'écrevisse w'at mek yo' eye pale, yes. We gon' tek la charette of Michel, le vendeur de meubles, an' we go'n at that Ceety Park, we'h we gon' 'ave that déjeuner wid Jean Marie. Yo' mus' com', an h'ask Felix, an' Etienne an' h'all ou' cousin fo' com', too, them.

We go'n talk over that victoire. Yo' 'ave notice those back town preeinct, they was solid agains' those drainage tax. Now, w'at th' reason fo' that? Those Yankee aristocrat they 'ave say, it ees fo' those part they want th' tax. Bot that h'lection it show those h'optown peep, they satisfy wid they present condition, yes, an' they don' want leev' h'on dry lan'. They lak 'ave plenty water w'en it rain. 'Ow they children g'on learn swim in theh back yard 'ef they do'n 'ave no overflow? 'Ow they go'n mek collection f'om those

Ceety Council fo' buy bread, w'en those cotton press they h'all shot up h'on h'account those overflow, them, yes? Well, yo' com at ma' 'ouse an' I go'n h'ask those Abe Brittin fo' mek crawfeesh tek th' place of that pelican, biccause he show he was ou' fren' an' we appreciate hees recognition of ou' majority. Thass th' bes' thing that man do since he been run this gov'rment, him, an' we go'n change hees nem to Bretagne to mek him one of us, 'an we will mek him le maire at that nex' election, him.

Now, au revoir, ontil I see yo' nex Sonday an' we 'ave ou' gret celebration fo' that victoire of those crawfeesh an' overflow, it, yes.

JACK LAFA1ENCE.



LUGGER EXCHANGE

JACK LAFAIENCE, HE STANDS BY THE ILLINOIS
CENTRAL ON ITS LOUISIANA AVENUE PROJECT.

1892.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:

It seem lak' yo' an' me, we nevaire go'ne get no res' fo'm those politique, no. One time we break th' head of those drainage tax, th' nex' time we mek courtboullion of that Maire Shakespeare, yes, an' h'invite ou' I'ish fren's to th' fête, an' th' las time we dress th' crawfeesh wit' shamroque, an' put ou' fren' Fitzpatrique in that Ceety Hall. Then we think we go'ne 'ave no mo' troub' wit' those h'optown aristocrat w'at we mek defeat in that las' h'election, yes. Bot, th' thing I can't on'stan', me, ees 'ow those canailles Ameri-cains they can't nevair be convince that they don't count fo' not'ing no mo' in this gov'ment, them.

It ees ma by intention to-day fo' call to yo' h'attention one li'l pourboire I 'ave promise ma ol' fren' M'sieu Spelman. I would h'ask yo' to see that he get it, yes.

Yo' mos' 'ave notice that those Champs Elysées ees ver' good place fo' l'écrevisse, yes. Well, yo' know th' reason of that ees this, those big ditch at th' side of that Mobile r-r-railroad ees fine place fo' those écrevisse fo' propogate, yes, an' those r-r-railroad track ees th' bes' place fo' th' Creole to feesh, yes. Those Mobile r-r-railroad ees ver' good to Jack Lafaience, biccause they h'all th' time liv' fret train stan' h'on those track, so we can feesh h'all day an' th' sun don' burn ou' back, no. Well, ma fren' M'sieur Spelman, he say to me, it ees hees purpose fo' mek a Champs Elysées of that Louisiana Avenue, yes, an' he promise we'en those train pass down Claiborne Strit, he don' charge not'ing fo' Jack Lafaience to catch crawfeesh h'on that track, no.

It ees fo' this man, Sylvestre, I h'ask yo' to mek' yose'f jomp, an' pass that bill in those Ceety Hall. As fo' me, I

hol' bot one vote, an' that will go fo' th' r-r-railroad jos' so soon as I get that pass to Manchac, yes. Yo' can assua' ou' frien's that ev'ybody w'at love Jack Lafaience ees go'ne vote that way.

Who ees these peep that h'oppose that bill, thaas w'at I h'ask, me. They tell to me that biccause those men h'own prop'ty, an' bank, an' big magazine, they b'leev' they go'ne ron this town, yes. Now, Sylvestre, ees time fo' yo' an' me, an' ou' fren's fo' geev those h'optown peep' to on'stan' they got no mo' fo' say in this gov'ment, at h'all, no! Fo' som'time they pass theh foot h'on ou' head, yes, bot now it ees th' time of Jack Lafaience, an' we go'ne feex this town to suit ou'se'f. Eef we say they go'ne be r-r-railroad h'on that Louisiana Avenue, or even h'on that Saint Charles Avenue, yes, ees no use fo' kick, theh go'ne be r-r-railroad theh, thass h'all.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



JACK LAFAIENCE COMES OUT BOLDLY FOR FITZ-PATRICK AND AGAINST THE UPTOWN ARISTOCRATS.—1892.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

W'en I pass by th' French Market this day, I met, h'on la rue Saint Philip ou' ol' fren', Baptist, w'at call ma h'attention to th' fac' that m'sieu Fitzpatrique he go'ne mek hese'f le maire of la Nouvelle Orleans, yes an' he show to me la gazette wit' th' list of those peep' w'at he go'ne mek present of that Ceety Hall nex' wik, him.

Yo' know me, Sylvestre, I 'ave los ma grip in those h'election since som' time, an' I don' know what ees bes' thing fo' me to say at this present time, no.

Of co'se yo' on'stan' we 'ave no use fo' those h'optown aristocrat, an' fo' that r-r-reason, I mus' call h'on yo' once mo' again to h'ask ou' fren's to save l'écrevisse, yes. I say to yo', mon cher Sylvestre, thass a fine tickeet those peep' 'ave nem an' it ees jos' th' kin' of men fo' w'ich Jack Lafaience will geev hees vote, yes. An' th' r-r-reason fo' that ees, this; those Fitzpatrique, an' those Botler, an' those Remy Klock, an' those Joe Batt, an' Billymacgeehan, an' h'all th' res' of those citoyens patriotiques ees h'oppose to those aristocrat, an' they don' b'leev that those peep' should 'ave control of th' gov'ment, no.

As fo' me, mon cher Sylvestre, yo' may r-rifflect that it was not long since I was h'oppose mase'f to those I'ish peep' —w'ich I admit, thass true. Bot, I reserve to mase'f th' r-r-right to change ma h'opinion of a man after' he change hees h'opinion of me, yes. An', w'en those I'ish peep' they recognize th' fac' that Jack Lafaience ees beeg man in this town, I go'ne unite wit' them agains' ou' h'enemy, w'ich it ees those canailles Americains w'at b'leev in w'at they call le progres.

Now, thass a tickeet w'at r-r-represent h'all th' kin' of peep' w'at yo', an' me, an' ou' fren's, lak fo' see h'on top. Yo' know ou' fren, Charley Ken'dy, w'at ees go'ne put that beeg Dotchman h'out of that Ceety Hall? Well, thass a fine yo'ng man, an' he ees mos' a Creole hese'f, yes. W'en mon fils, Alphonse, he lose hees job in that charcoal boat, M'sieu Ken'dy, he feex him in that back-tax bureau, w'eh he ees at this day, yes. An' so long as Jack Lafaience leev on Rue des Ursulines he will nevair forget hees fren', no.

As fo' tha' man, Schenck, me, I don' lak that nen, no. Thass too moch lak Allemande, yes; bot I on'stan' M'sieu Schenck he sell those banana, an' it ees fo' catch those Dago vote he ees put h'on that tickeet. Ef those po' Dago ees so easy to fool lak that, I suppose thass not fo' me to h'objec.

Bot, mon cher Sylvestre, I mus' admit it mek me choke to vote that Remy Klock, yes. I don' see 'ow I go'ne endua' him, no; bot, as I see w'en that man was nominate, hees fren', M'sieu Downing, say Remy Klock was ver' often tried, an' nevair foun' h'out, so, I suppose a man lak that will mek a ver' good man fo' 'ave in that Parish Prison, as he go'ne feel at home theh, yes.

As fo' M'sieu Botler, I will nevair go back h'on him, no. Yo' know he 'ave place me h'under obligation that time he mek that Ceety Council r-r-release ma dog f'om that pound, an' he didn charge me not'ing, no, fo' that service. An' since that time, nobody can' say Charley Botler he want fo' l'écrivisse, no, fo' Jack Lafaience 'ave send him 'alf w'at he catch since t'ree month, yes.

An' ma fren', Louis Cucullu, w'at he gon'e r-r-represent ou' wa'd in that Ceety Hall—ah, thass a man afte' ma h'own heart, yes! He leev at th' ver' place weh l'écrivisse mek hees home, yes, an' w'en a man leev' h'on th' Bayou, it don' mek no diff'ence who he ees, Jack Lafaience will vote fo' him seex time in one day, yes, ef thass requi' of him.

So, mon cher Sylvestre, I will not pass any mo' at this time. It ees well fo' us to recognize th' fac' that w'en Saint

Charles Avenue ees h'oppose to a man, thass h'enough to
mek that man ou' fren'. An' in this case, it ees ver' plain
w'at we go'ne fin' to ou' intress in this h'election. La vic-
toire will once mo' be wit us fo' wit th' vote of th' I'ish,
an' th' brain of th' Creole, Fitzpatrique an' Lafaience,
they go'ne swip th' town, yes. Vive le shamrock. Vive
l'écrivisse!

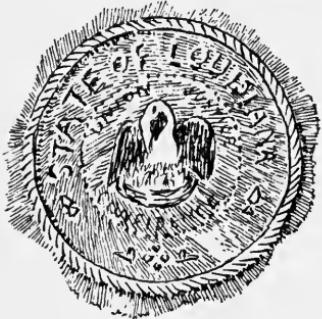
JACK LAFAIENCE.



THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY.—1892.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

I had not th' h'intension fo' call h'on yo' in this lottery, bot, w'en a man lak Judge W'ite pass h'on that platform an' say we ain' go'ne 'ave no mo' lottery, I think ees time fo' Jack Lafaience to mek hees appe'unce, yes.



Yo' 'ave notice that at las' those Gazette Anglais 'ave got som' brain in they edito'l, mon cousin. Fo' one time they h'intress theyse'f in th' cause of l'ancien régime, an' yo' know fo' w'at they do that, eh? That drainage tax 'ave teach

them a lesson, yes, so now, befo' they mek op theh min' h'on a question, they firs' h'ascertain w'at th' frien' of Jack Lafaience they want, them, an' they h'always follow ou' h'advice, yes. This time, I say we go'ne 'ave that lottery, an' they ees no use fo' keek, fo' we h'own this town, it.

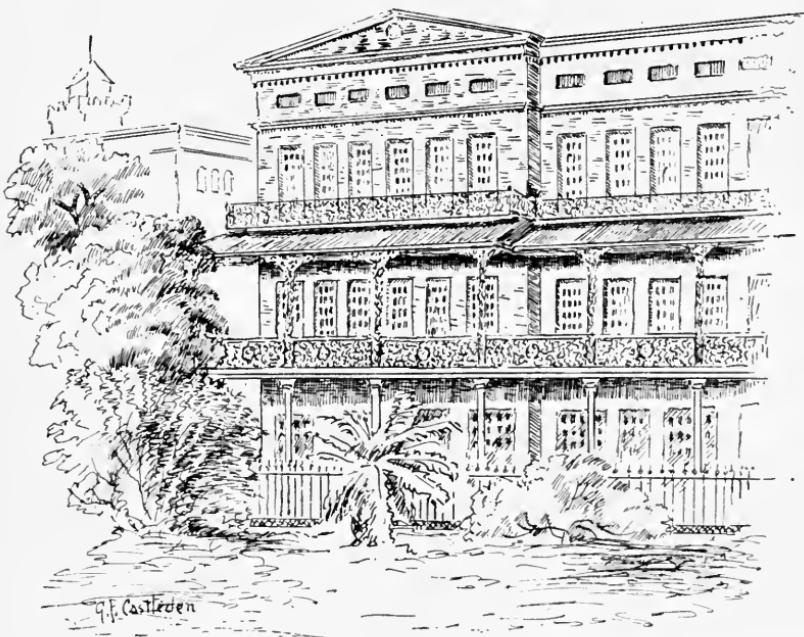
Yo' know it mek me sick fo' hear those peep' talk lak that man Jackson an' those Judge McGloin, an' h'all th' res' of that class! Who ees they, that they try fo' tell us 'ow to ron this gov'ment? Who theh grandfodder, an' theh uncle an' they fam'ly, I lak fo' know? Me, I don' b'leev' they got none, them. An' I say to yo', mon cher cousin, ees time fo' those kin' of peep' to r-r-realize that we go'ne 'ave that lottery, h'even ef we got fo' put that United States h'out of la Louisiane, an' r-return it to Washington wheh it b'long, yes.

Yo' rid those pape', eh. Me, yo' know I don' rid l'Anglais, bot, mon fils Alphonse, he rid to me ever' day those Picayune an' those Time-Democrat. I think that Picayune say th'

bes' thing they evah say, w'en they state, this ees not a question of sentiment, no. Thass jus' w'at I say, me. A bas le sentiment w'en it say one thing an' th' dollair of th' lottery say som'thing diff'ent. Yo' think I go'ne r-riffuse those dollair, them? Sacré-bleu, bot those I'ish Judge w'at run those Anti-lottery mus' think Jack Lafaience ees fool, him.

An' saving bank! W'at I want wit Saving Bank? Me, I pass h'at that shop in those Pontalba Building ever' day an' buy me ma tickeet in those lottery. I fin' w'en I do that, I ain' got no use fo' bank, no.

I say to yo', again, that I see ver' plain, me, w'at those peep' 'ave in theh h'eye, yes. They want fo' deprive th' travailleur of hees recreation, yes, fo' yo' mus' know thass th' h'only plasua' th' po' man' ave, ees to play th' lottery. We too po' fo' join those Boston Clob an' those Pickwick Clob,



PONTALBA BUILDING



fut to, yo' may be convince they ees no mo' use fo' them to try.

An' those preacher w'at mek th' h'occasion fo' theh speech. Thass one class of peep' w'at ees th' ruin of this town, an' ef they h'only kip quiet h'on soch sobject, we could ron th' ceety to suit ou'sef, yes.

Yo' think we go'ne h'allow those Judge W'ite an' Judge McGloin fo' shot h'up ou' Char'ty Ospital, it, by r-rippeal that Louisiana Lottery? We will nevaир permit soch thing fo' 'appen in la Nouvelle Orleans, fo' we ees better h'inform than they think, an' we know weh those beeg donation to la charité they com' f'om, yes. An' those po' teacher an' those school w'at ees sopport by that lottery, 'ow they go'ne h'exist w'en h'all that lottery monnais ees h'abolish? Th' peep of this ceety won't 'ave no place fo' lose they cash an'

yo' go'ne see those hard time in la Louisiane, yes. We go'ne h'all be fo'ce fo' deposit monnais in those bank, an' then we will fin' ouse'f possess those check book an' bank book w'at ees th' bête noir of Jack Lafaience an' hees fam'ly, yes.

Now, mon cher Sylvestre, yo' know that lottery ticeet ees no troub' to kip—h'all yo' do ees fo' tie it op in yo' mouchoir an' w'en time fo' draw'n

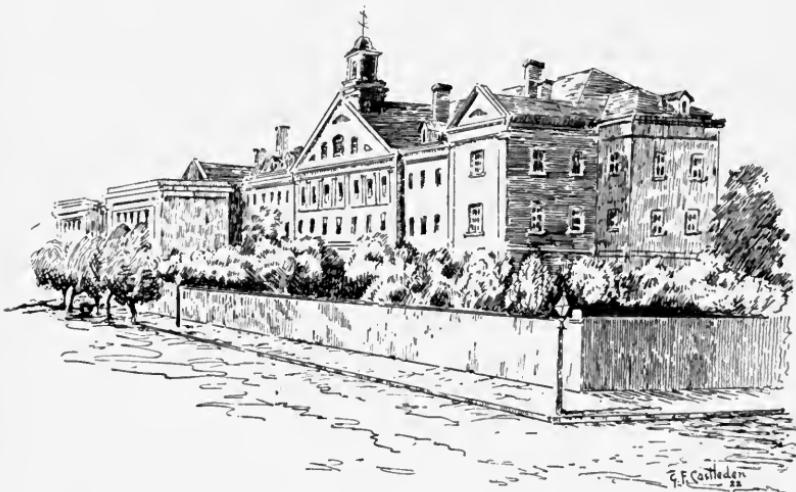
come', yo'
c o n s u l t
those tick-
eet fo' see
ef yo' win



or lose. Wit bank book and check book, ees diff'ent, fo' yo ees h'all th' time wor'ed h'about those kin' of thing. W'en yo' need them, yo' mos' h'always fin' yo' wif' she don' know wheh they ees, no. Yo' don' 'ave to sign nem fo' lottery tickeet, no, an' so, mon cousin, yo' can on'stan' 'ow I feel w'en I say I go'ne use ma h'influence, an', wit' those gazette, we go'ne smash that h'opposition, yes.

That lottery ees th' backbone of la prosperité, an' we ain' nevair go'ne h'allow those upstart fo' tell us w'at ees th' duty of ceitizen, no. Jack Lafaience an' his fren' 'ave made h'up theh mind, that lottery ees th' bes thing fo' la Louisiane, it, an' we go'ne stan' firm' w'en that h'election com' fo' show th' peep we know those good thing w'en we 'ave it, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



CHARITY HOSPITAL—1870

JACK LAFAIENCE IS DELIGHTED WITH THE VERDICT IN THE "GLOVE CONTEST" CASE.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Fo' th' las' wik I spen' som' time in that court w'eh those preacher an' those Women Clob ,an' those h'optown aristocrat they try' fo' mek fut tu' those Olympic Clob w'at kip h'on that Rue Royale, yes. As fo' me, yo' know I am member of that clob mase'f, yes, of which th' man w'at pass th' sponge to Sullivan ees ou' cousin. Balthazar, yo' know Balthazar, w'at feex shoe in that li'l shop h'on Rue D'Enghien, —thass th' man I mean, me.

Well, fo' sore time I 'ave th' pleasua' of witness those prizefight, an' I say to yo', Sylvestre, I don' see no h'objection fo' I'ishman an' niggro stan' op h'on th' groun' an' bos' th' nose of h'each oteh, me. An' I say, me, thass h'outrage h'on th' peep fo' those Gouverneur Foster fo' try stop those fight, yes. Fo' w'at that Gouverneur he mek that h'attempt, him? Yo' know w'at I think, me? I think thass a sign of h'envy, fo' th' r-r-reason he was not h'appoint referee of those fight in th' place of ou' fren', Jonnyfitzpatrique, him.

Yes, seh, I yeh that r-reason f'om ou' parent, Valerien. Hees oncle, Telemaque, work fo' Victor, w'ich he sell cream cheese to th' cusiniere of M'sieu Hauton, w'at ees h'own th' barber shop in w'ich th' hair of Gouverneur Foster ees cut ever' seex mont'. F'om that yo' mos see Valerien, he got good chance to 'ave correc' h'information of th' h'intention of that State h'administration, it, yes. An' Valerien, he decla' to me that Gouverneur Foster, he ve'y sensitive h'on that point, him.

Well, as I say to yo', it mek me feel good fo' see that h'although those aristocrat h'own th' state gov'ment, theh hand ees tie tight w'en they try fo' knock h'out ou' fren' Johnnyfizpatrique. As fo' those peep f'om those h'optown

clob, w'at testify in that case, I think they ees fool, yes, for w'at they know 'bout prizefight, them? W'at kin' of prizefight they learn in that Southern Athletic Clob, I lak fo' know, me? I on'stan' those Southern Athletic Clob, they got no cabaret, no, an, 'ow they go'ne be prizefight in th' room of clob w'at don' drink whiskey, eh? An' I am ver' glad th' jury they h'act so fine in they conclusion of that case, fo' at one time, I fear' that Judge Rightor go'ne h'act bad, bot, w'en he yeh those witness, w'at ees beeg avocat, swear they don' see not'ing bad in prizefight, it mek him think he mek mistak' hese'f, an' he rub hees h'eye, an' seem sopprise. As fo' me, I bin deputy sheriff mase'f in th' time of Judge Duvignaud, long befo' th' wah, yes, an' by consequence I am nevair sopprise at w'at ees th' h'opinion of avocat, no.

Th' fac' ees, w'en avocat shot hees h'eye—w'ich he do ver' often—ees hard fo' him to see w'at pass in front hees face, yes. An' I mos' praise that jury, yes, fo' th' way they stan' h'op fo' th' r-right of th' peep, too. Wen th' peep don' want a thing, I don' think h'any court should h'enforce law w'at th' peep don' want.

Yo' notice th' way we r-ipeal those Sunday law, it? Well, thass jus' th' way we go'ne r-ripeal this prizefight law, h'also, yes. Th' bes' way fo' r-ripeal law ees to h'elect officer w'at r-riffuse to h'enforce that law, an' so long as Jack Lafaience ron this town, thass th' way he go'ne do w'en those Legislature pass h'act w'at I don' lak, me.

Yo' watch, Sylvestre, th' time go'ne com' w'en th' cock fight, an' bull fight, an' dog fight, an' h'all th' res' of thos' divertissements innocents will be h'open h'all wik an' Sunday matinée, too, yes. W'en that time com', la Nouvelle Orleans will be th' place fo' Jack Lafaience an' hees fren' to place theh han' on theh heart an' say, lak' Napoleon, they ees proud fo' call theyse'f, fils de la Louisiane, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.

JACK LAFAIENCE ON THE GARBAGE LAW.

Nlle Orleans, Jour D'Irlande, 1894.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:

Again once mo' I am h'oblige fo' h'ask yo' h'opinion of those las' design of ou' fren' in that Ceety Hall.

Yo' 'ave notice fo' th' past two, t'ree day, w'en we tek ou' lunch, we ees disturb wit' th' bell of that garbage ambulance w'at those Ceety Council drive through those strit, yes. Well, me, I 'ave not yet mek op ma min' w'at I think of that, no. Ees true those new ambulance ees gret h'improve-ment h'on those mule cart w'at ees h'own by those po' widow w'at leev in those Third Wa'd, yes.

W'en mon fils, Alphonse, he rid in those gazette w'at geev those new garbage rule, I am ver' moch sopprise, me. I want fo' know 'ow they go'ne fo'ce me fo' buy one li'l tin cistern fo' preserve ma garbage. Fo' w'at I can't use th' ole dish pan of ma gran'fodder fo' kip' those skin of chevrette lef' f'om mon diner ever' Friday, yes? An' yo' notice those law say we got fo' put ou' nem h'on those garbage box, an' ou' h'address! Now, thass w'at I can't stan', me. I nevair go'ne disgrace th' nem of Jack Lafaince by geev' that nem to trash box, no sair, nevair! Thass one thing I don' think no member of ou' fam'ly ever go'ne permit reduce hese'f by use garbage can fo' do' plate, no!

An' I don' lak that thing of feex those trash in dif'ent package, no, me, fo' yo' will h'observe th' law requi' h'each dif'ent kin' of garbage be tie up in pape', an' mark h'on th' h'outside w'at ees got h'on th' h'inside, yes. Thass go'ne be lot of troub' fo' Annette w'at ron th' kitchen of Jack Lafaince, to mek those distinction, them.

Nex' thing yo' know, we go'ne 'ave to tie those trash wit' dif'ent color r-ribbon—fo' h'instance, green r-ribbon fo' those I'ish potato peel—riband jaune fo' those banana skin,

red r-ribbon fo' those watermelon rind, an' tree dif'ent color cordon fo' th' remain of th' gombo. Thass nice fo' mek artist of th' cook, yes, bot, I say, it go'ne be harass fo' th' madame, her.

An' Alphonse, he tell to me, they got wheelbarrow h'attach to those ambulance. Thass a good thing, I mos' say. I h'approve of those Ceety Council w'en they provide those detail fo' collect th' garbage of la Nouvelle Orleans; bot, me, I say, w'en those ambulance they pass by those back strit in wet weatheh, they go'ne need skiff much more than they need wheelbarrow, it, them, yes.

To tell yo' th' trut, mon cher cousin, I fin' mase'f at a loss fo' h'express ma h'opinion of that law, me.

Sosthene, w'at kip th' cochons to r-r-aise fo' sell at th' French Market, he say—thass a h'outrage h'on th' peep. An' Ursin, w'at h'own th' tinshop h'on that Rue Victoire, he say—ees one of th' bes' law they ever pass.

Sosthene, he go'ne' ave troub' fo' collect those trash fo' hees pig w'en they ees shot tight by th' law, him, an' Ursin, that law mek bus'ness good fo' him, yes. So, afteh h'all, I suppose they ees a good deal dippen' 'ow moch a man mek h'out of a law, w'at he think of that law. An' I tell to Alphonse I go'ne wait till I fin' h'out w'at benefit they go'ne be fo' me an' ma famille, befo' I h'express mase'f h'on th' sobject. At th' sem time, we got seexty day fo' mek op ou' min' wetheh we go'ne h'obey that law or not, yes; an' ef those 'eavy garbage ambulance don' h'all get swamp in those mud strit by that time, perhaps yo' will fin' me r-ready fo' say ef Jack Lafaience will permit those law fo' be h'enforce or not, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.

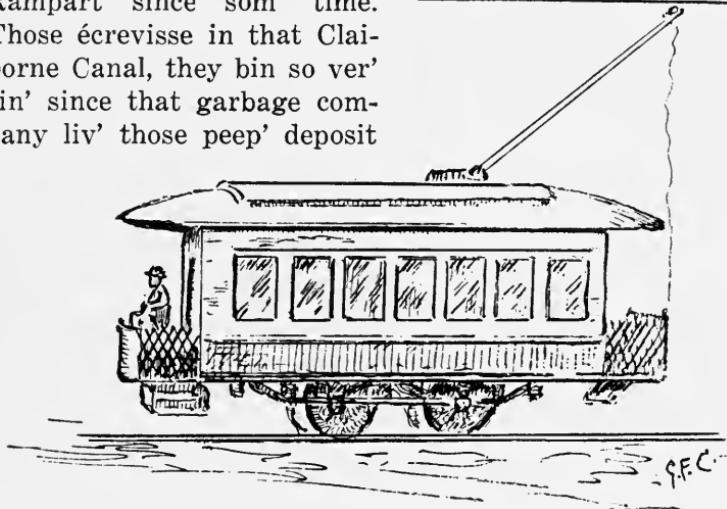
JACK LAFAIENCE EXPRESSES HIMSELF CONCERNING ELECTRIC CARS AND THE CREAM CHEESE LINE—1895.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Las' Sonday mon fils Alphonse ,he say to me we go'ne tek trip at those abattoir h'on those new close pole strit car w'at pass by that Rue de l'Amour since two mont'. An' he say to me, w'en I h'express ma h'objection to that kin' of transportation, that he b'leev' hees père (thass me) ees get fo' be so ancien that he ees faisandé, yes.

Yo' can't think 'ow moch I feel, me, w'en at las' I permit mase'f to be h'induce fo' enter those conveyance, them. Fo h'afte' som' rifflection, I think it ees ma duty fo' tek that trip fo' th' benefit of Marie, ou' cousin, w'at ees actionnaire in those Cream Cheese r-railroad, fo' th' r-reason I will h'explain to yo' h'afte' w'ile, mon cher cousin.

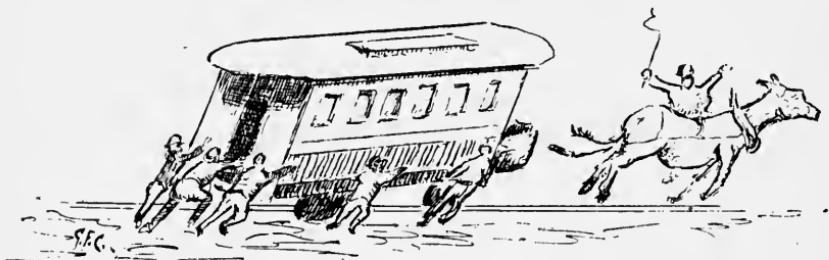
Me, I ain' nevair seen those h'electricity car befo', no, bic-cause I don' pass by that Rue Rampart since som' time. Those écrevisse in that Clai-borne Canal, they bin so ver' fin' since that garbage com-pany liv' those peep' deposit



they garbage in Canal fo' feed those crawfeesh, that I don' fin' mase'f 'ave h'occasion fo' pass at that French Market fo' buy those feesh no mo', me.

Bot, as yo' know, since those fool Americains, they discharge those mule, them, an' h'engage th' service of those lightnin' rod in theh place, yes, it seem lak they ain' go'ne be no' mo' res' fo' this ceety, it. Bot, it was not ontil las' mont' I feel th' h'effect, me, which it was w'en Alphonse he say to me, he rid in those gazette, they propose fo' put h'electricity in those Cream Cheese car, yes.

Now, w'at yo' think of that, eh? H'electricity h'on that Cream Cheese line! Ma foi, bot thass th' las' place in this



worl' w'eh yo' would h'expect fo' fin' som'thing w'at can move, eh?

An' w'en I consider that Marie, w'ich, me, I am parrain wit' her, she ees th' h'owner of feefty dollair share in that r-railroad, w'at she buy f'om M'sieu Cougot since long time, an' fo' w'ich she pay him in le lait by thirty five cent h'each wik, wit fifteen cent cream cheese h'on Sonday, fo' mek fo' bit—w'en I think of th' monnais she 'ave h'invest in that r-railroad, I decide it ees ma duty fo' h'investigate those h'electricity, an' see 'ow it compar' wit' th' mule. So, I pass h'on that Rue des Ursulines to that Rue Rampart, an' w'at I see me? I yeh patrol bell ring loud, yes, an'—theh she com', wit' those close pole hold op those line f'om w'ich she hang, her, yes!

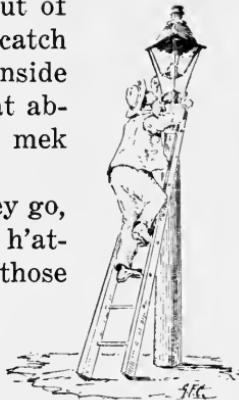
An' those car, she go so fas', she h'out of sight befo' she appear; bot, Alphonse, he catch one afte' w'ile, an' we get h'on th' h'inside f'om th' h'outside, an', as we pass to that abattoir, it geev' me th' h'opportunity fo' mek ma h'investigation, me.

Ees ver' strange, those car, th' way they go, them. Those cord ees ver' strong w'at h'attach those pole to those rope h'on w'ich those car she hang, an' thass a ver' good idea, yes, fo' kip those car h'on th' track. An' that li'l botton by th' seat w'ich, w'en yo' push those botton, at th' sem time it mus' stick pin in th' back of those motorman, by w'ich he ees h'inform ees time fo' stop. Th' way he stop that car ees a revelation to me, yes. He turn that crank w'ich pull th' rope h'off that line an' she stop quick, fo' th' r-r-reason she ees too heavy fo' roll by herse'f h'on that track sur la terre.

It tek h'only vint-cinq minute fo' pass by that abattoir, an' w'ile I think thass good thing, still, it mek me feel lak yo' do'ne get moch ride fo' yo' pay, no. An' w'en we return, I mek close h'observation of those motorman an' conductor an' I say to mase'f, that som' of ou' relation w'at drive mule h'on those Cream Cheese Line, gon fin' theyse'f ver' moch h'embarass w'en they be oblige fo' wear coat an' collar, them, ef M'sieu' Cougot h'insist hees employee wear w'at yo' call uniform h'on those new h'electricity car them.

Bot, me, I don't on'stan' that h'electricity, it. W'at th' nécessité fo' pay one hondred t'ousan' dollair fo' wat yo' call pow'r'ouse fo' mek th' h'electricity, eh?

Ees ma h'opinion, an' Sosthene w'at light th' gas fo' th' Athené w'en they 'ave they séance, he sostain w'at I say, me—ees ma h'opinion we can get planty h'electricity f'om that Broad Street Canal, w'ich contain those conger eel. Those eel they full of shock, yes, an' I go'ne suggest to ou' fren Henri Joseph, w'ich I onstan' ees go'ne be th' adviser of those Boa'd Director, fo' h'investigate those conger eel

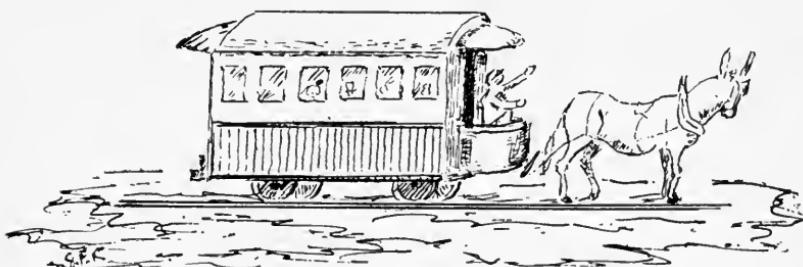


befo' he commit himse'f to h'any othe' kin' of pow'r, yes.

An' I say to yo' Sylvestre, w'ile those h'electric car she h'all ver' well fo' Rampart strit an' th' avenue Esplanade, still, I do'ne lak fo' see them establish theyse'f h'on that Rue des Ursulines, no. Eees ma h'intention fo' mek ma rapport at th' meeting of th' actionnaire of those r-railroad, w'ich I onstan' M'sieu Cougot he go'ne call fo' discuss th' sobject.

I got som' mo' thing fo' find h'out about this question, me, an' ontill I h'inform mase'f, ees no use fo' those Cream Cheese line peep fo' decide w'at we go'ne permit them to do at that time, no, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



THE REMOVAL OF CLAY STATUE—1895.

The following has been addressed to the Mayor and City Council:

M'sieu le Maire, et le Conseil de Ville:

In th' nem of th' famille Lafaience, I h'address yo' this lettre, fo' once mo' express ma h'approval of yo' intention fo' get rid of those Henry Clay, him, w'at mek hese'f so conspicuous h'on that Canal Strit, it. At las' we 'ave got one Conseil an' one Maire w'at prove these'f th' fren' of th' ancien régime, yes.

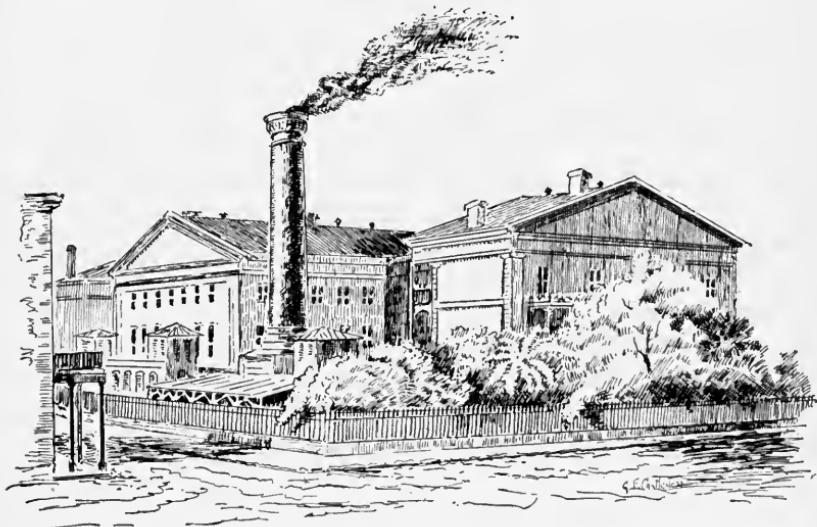
Yo' will r-recall to yo'se'f that w'en ou' fren,' M'sieu Fitzpatrique, who was th' man w'at h'own this town, him, those Ceety Conseil pass law fo' peech that Henry Clay into those river, yes, an' geev that Canal Strit to those r-railroad. An' eet was Jack Lafaience w'at wrote hees sentiment at that time, fo' express hees delight at th' fac' we g'on at las' get rid of that statue, it, us, yes.

Bot, at that time, those canailles Américains, they mek so moch foss, an' they h'express theyse'f so strong again's that move, that those Fitzpatrique, those Billy Kane, an' Callahan, an' h'all those othe' good democrat, they get scare them, an' they leev him h'alone, yes. An' I am now ver' glad to see we 'ave peep in that Ceety Hall w'at don' got no use fo' sentiment, no. Thass thet kin' of man I lak' fo' see in Ceety Hall, me. I don' beleev' in kip statue of man w'at h'all th' time fo'ce yo' fo' remember la Louisiane b'long to those United States, no. I don' bleev' in statue of canaille Américain w'at ees gret man fo' hees co'nty, him. I bleev' ees time fo' put that statue in Cimitière, yes, w'en they get in th' way of h'electric car, them. An' I am please fo' see ees th' h'intention of yo' Conseil fo' auction h'off that statue to th' man w'at got th' mos' cash, an' he go'n be permit to tek that statue an' put it in hees back yard, it. Thass



BLACK-BRONZE STATUE OF HENRY CLAY

w'at I lak', me. It mek me feel good fo' see at las' la Nouvelle Orleans ees gon' be the firs' ceety in this contrry, yes, fo' geev la préférence fo' strit car h'over w'at they call Américain statesman, yes. An' th' sentiment w'at hang by that Henry Clay ees ver' much to ma h'opposition, me. Ever' time they gon' be one beeg concourse fo' h'opset th' gov'ment, ees at th' foot of that Henry Clay those malcontent they mek theh meeting, yes. An' as fo' me, mon cher M'sieu le Maire, I will tell yo' som'thing, en confidence, thass th' r-real reason those Ring gov'ment they 'ave fo' get rid of Henry Clay, him. Yes, mon cher M'sieu, ever'



UNITED STATES MINT

time those Ring look at that Henry Clay, they think of that Fo-teen Septembre, an' eet mek they blood freeze, yes, w'en they think of that, them. An' those Anti-Lottery meeting an' h'all those r-reform movement w'at 'ave historic h'importance fo' la Nouvelle Orleans. So, I say, les pull him down, an' sell him to those mint fo' mek copper cent, yes, an' put in hees place th' figure of those president of that traction compagnie. Thass go'ne be better man an' moch mo h'appropriate to show who control this town, it, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.

THE RIDGE ROAD—JACK LAFAIENCE OPPOSES AN INCREASE OF TRAVEL ON THE METAIRIE LINE.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Yo' didn' rid in those gazette 'bout that r-r-reception w'at we go'ne geev' at that Ceety Park nex' Sonday, eh? Well, thass fo' mek known to those public at that r-r-reception, they got fo' promenade f'om those Bayou Ridge, them, h'on that occasion, fo' th' r-r-reason those Traction Company r-r-riffuse th' loan of they strit car fo' that day, it. W'ich notice, ees th' firs' time since th' wah I rid h'about that Metairie line. So, I 'ave think ees afford me th' h'opportunity fo' riccall to yo' min' th' fac' thass th' mos' ancien thing we got in this ceety, yes, that car w'at ron h'on that Ridge, it. I am ver' moch sopprise at th' h'attempt som' peep, w'at pretend to be nos amis, they mek fo' h'induce those Ceety Council fo' h'increase th' nombre of that car an' mek them two, yes, in place of one.

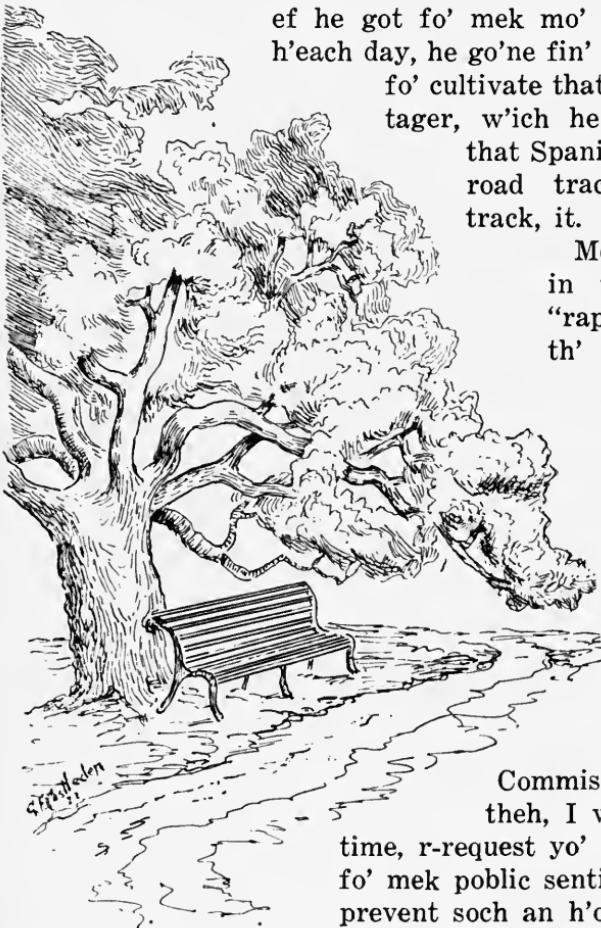
Ah, thass a great thing, that strit car of those Traction Compn'y at that Metairie Road, yes. Thass th' h'oldest strit car in la Nouvelle Orleans, fo' I am tol' by Telesphore, w'at was h'educate in those public school, wheh he pass seex mont' w'en he was li'l boy, him—I say, I am tol' by Telesphore that car she was h'import f'om la France, her, long time befo' th' wah, yes. Ef that car evah get mo' than seex-teen peep h'on her h'inside, th' weight go'ne break th' h'axle, yes. Fo' that r-r-reason, M'sieu Petite—w'ich ees the Presidente of that r-r-railroad, him—he assua' me he go'ne kip hees h'eye h'on that car fo' preserve it f'om destruction, yes.

Ah, mon cher Sylvestre, yo' an' me, we can riccall those day' w'en we was garcons, an' catch behin' that car w'en we go feesh in those lagoon. An' that driv'r, w'at we pay fo' ou' ride in crawfeesh, wit' th' on'stan we jomp th' track jos' by th' gate of that cimitière, yes. Today, w'en yo' an' me ees ole man, those ver' sem car she still ron that route, her, yes.

An' I riccall, h'also, me, th' time those bêtes Americains,

they try fo' compel those r-r-railroad compn'y fo' h'establish two car h'on that line, them. Soch thing would be th' ruin of that compn'y, fo' put them to such h'expense, an', it was h'only by th' vote of ou' cousin Francois Marie Jean Prendtout, that we diffeat those proposition, yes.

Th' driver of that car confide to me, ef he got fo' mek mo' than two trip h'each day, he go'ne fin' it h'impossible fo' cultivate that li'l jardin potager, w'ich he h'own, wheh that Spanish Fort r-railroad track pass hees track, it.



Me, I don' b'leev in w'at yo' call "rapidtransit" by th' side of those cimitière, no. An' so, w'ile I h'expect yo' will com' wit' me at th a t Ceety Park nex' Sonday, fo' see those new crawfeesh pond w'at those

Commissioner theh dig theh, I will at th' sem time, r-request yo' fo' do yo' bes' fo' mek public sentiment theh an' prevent soch an h'outrage lak th' h'increase of those strit car h'on

that route, yes. I go'ne mek talk h'on that sobjec' mase'f, h'on th' platform, me, an' w'en I talk, those politician they yeh w'at I say, yes, an' nevair fo'get, no.

JACK LAFAIENCE.

JACK LAFAIENCE ON THE INIQUITY CALLED THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Not since th' time we show those h'optown aristocrat that they don' h'own this town h'all by theyse'f, an' that we want those strit car to stay as they 'ave been since befo' that wah, yes; not since th' time we geev that picnic at those Ceety Park fo' celebrate that drainage tax w'at they don' pass, no—I say, not since that time, 'ave I got fo' say w'at I think fo' those gazette, an' show those peep 'ow Jack Lafaience he feel h'on th' sobject of those public school, them.

Those public school, they ees th' bête noir of me an' ma famille, an' w'enev'r we get th' chance, they go'ne fin' theyse'f bos' op, yes. I go'ne pass at that bayou an' see Jean Marie an' tell to him an' h'al th' res' of those politician w'at ron that Ceety Hall, that ou' fren' Claiborne he will mek them r-riffuse that School Boa'd those twenty t'ousand dollair fo' those école publiques, them. An' those Picayune, 'ave mek deman' fo' those High School to be fut tu, yes, an' thass jus' w'at I think, me, too. I don' see w'at we want wit those school, me, no. This town ees full of those school an' w'at yo' think they teech theh, eh? Those new method, yes. An' it ees fo' teech this those boa'd want that twenty fi' t'ousand dollair.

Sacré bleu, bot ef those enfants don't know too much h'already, yes! Th' fils of Raoul, w'at ees nem Septime, he say to me las' Sonday, I don' know 'ow fo' spik correct. Yes, I assua' he tell that to me—to me w'at know hees fodder forty yea' befo' that wah—to me, w'at leev by th' Cathedral 'an pass those school ever' day, yes. Now, thass w'at that boy he learn at those écoles publiques. An' to those teacher w'at mek ou' children ashame' of theh fodder an' theh oncle, I say, I want fo' 'ave they school shot cp fo' good, me.

Felicie, w'at ees daughter wit' Anatole, she tell to her fodder las' wik. she go'ne learn calisthenique, yes! An' he 'ave got fo' buy one baton fo' her 'an one dom' bell, 'an otheh foolishness like that. Thass th' way those school Boa'd spen' ou' monnais, yes. An' it ees fo' th' r-reason to preven' soch thing that we go 'ne 'ave ou fren' mek those peep at that Ceety Hall r-riffuse that appropriation, yes. Felix w'at kip th' pension privée, Hippolite w'at sell those charcoal, Jules th' marchand des oeurs, Maxime w'at ma'y th' daughte' of Ulysse—Telesphore w'at mek cala, an' planty mo' of ou' fren an' relation, ees go'ne see M'sieu' le Maire, an' they go'ne h'ask him fo' veto that bill, it, yes.

As fo' me, I don' go at that Ceety Hall, no, biccause I fin' mase'f los' w'en I cross those Canal Strit. Bot, I know ou' fren' Bretagne w'en we 'ave that drainage h'lection, I say, I know he will nevair consent to spend that monnais. He has been at those public school hese'f, yes, an' he know jus' w'at kin' of hombog they mek a man to be, yes.

I tell yo' it ees to those canaille I'ish an' Americains that we h'owe those écoles, them. Soon as they 'ave les enfants, they want them fo' go to school, an', ees it h'only fo' rid an' write they want them fo' go? They want theh chile fo' know as moch as th' chile of rich man, yes, so they buil' beeg school an' sen' theh boy an' girl fo' learn those new method. The' firs' thing yo' know, those enfants ees want fo' becom' docte' an' avocat, an' notaire, an' h'even clerk in bank, yes, an' soon we don' 'ave nobody fo' deeg those canal an' clear h'out those gotter, no. Yo' see w'at will com' ef we don' shot op those public school, eh?

An', w'at yo' think they talk 'bout h'in that Ceety Hall, now, it! They want fo' say that nobody can be Commiss h'onless he pass h'examination in th' book of those public school, him. W'at yo' think of that, eh? Thass h'outrage h'on th' citizen of la Nouvelle Orleans, yes, fo' ef thass th' law, 'ow we go'ne c'ay those h'lection nex' time, us, I lak fo' know? Thass w'at we get f'om public school, an' I say to yo', I am th' fren' of those gazette w'ich say we mus' geev

those institution h'over to th' guillotine, them. I sop-
port those editeur ver' strong w'en 'e mek hese'f sarcastique
h'about those High School graduate wat h'each day fin' they-
se'f in th' Court of Judge Finnegan. Thass th' kin' of
editeur fo' me, yes! An' I 'ope he will 'ave courage fo' kip
op th' fight. Ees th' h'only man in this town w'at spik
those good h'English an' 'ave th' nerve fo' h'attack those
school. Me, 'an ma fren, we go'ne stan' by him to th' las',
yes.



ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL

Fifty-five

ABOUT JOE JEFFERSON—1896.

It had been the intention of the entertainment committee to have Mr. Jefferson introduced to the audience by Jack Lafaience, as he had expressed his desire to meet that unique character, but this was, on second thought, reconsidered, and a meeting had been arranged after the entertainment was over. However, the irrepressible has heard of the scheme, and the entertainment, and delivers himself as follows:

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Las' wik I was h'invite by mon ami le docteur de Roaldes, —yo' know him, eh? Thass th' man w'at chop that lil' waterfall off th' h'eye of Ulysse, w'at ees granfodder to Aristophane, w'at kip th' magazin des créviches at that French Market.—I say, I was h'invite by that docteur to pass at that Opera Français fo' h'introduce a man w'at ees name Joe Jeff'son at those peep' of this town, yes.

Now, mon cher Sylvestre, yo' know ver' well ees not ma custom fo' mek ma appe'unce in those theatre, me. I prefer mek ma h'opinion know to yo', an' to ou' fren's, an' w'en they know, they do, them.

Bot that docteur, he h'inform me that man ees big h'actor, that man Jeff'son, an' he assua' me he nevair h'act not'ing h'except those piece w'at relate to ou' granfodder, an' fo' that r-r-reason, ees ver' h'appropriate fo' me to make hees acquaintance, yes.

W'en I h'objec fo' th' r-reason ees not th' proper place fo' a man lak me, w'at ees of *l'ancien régime*, to let mase'f down by go h'on stage, that docteur he assua' me, that man Jeff'son, ees one Creole hese'f, yes, w'at mek hees monnaie by raise th' crop h'on that prairie by la Nouvelle Ibérie, him. He say to me, ees ver' good h'actor, that man.

Now, as fo' me, w'en a man 'ave seen Coquelin, an' yeh

those Tony Reine, an' witness th' dance of those ballet in La Juive at th' time Placide Canonge he h'own th' h'opera,—I say, w'en a man see that, ees got fo' be ver' fin' h'actor can h'induce him len' hees sopport to him, yes. I don' think ees well fo' mix mase'f op wit' those kind of thing, me, fo' ef I pass h'on th' stage wit' that man Jeff'son, I am convince' nobody ain go'ne listen to him, after I get thro,' me. An' fo' that r-r-reason I dislike h'offend that docteur, I think ees best let that man h'introduce hese'f, yes.

Yo' pass by that hospital, cher Sylvestre, an' present ma compliment to those physician, an' say to them that, w'ile Jack Lafaience, he h'approve that show, an' will permit ees famille fo' see it, yes, at th' two-bit galléerie, at th' sem time, I b'leev' ees better fo' that man Jeff'son he be allow to ta'k fo' hese'f h'on that occasion. I tek th' intres' of that h'institution en coeur w'en I prefer not mek him feel contrast th' public perceive in case that h'actor he fin' hese'f stan' op beside me, w'en he go'ne mek himse'f entirely overlook him, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



THE CITIZENS' LEAGUE ELECTION 1896.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Las' night, mon ami Hilaire, w'at h'own th' cabaret h'on that Rue St. Phillippe, back by ma 'ouse, he h'ask me fo' ma h'advice in th' sobjec' of that h'election fo' Mardi prochain, him. An' I b'leev' ees time fo' consider that question me.

Of co'se, ou' fren's, those Ring Democrat', they placate yo' an' me w'en they h'indorse ou' voisin, an' ami, Louis Cucullu, fo' those Council, them, w'eh, ef he ees h'elected h'on the tickeet, he go'ne fin' hese'f in hees sem majority of twent-nine to one, lak he fin' hese'f befo' him. Bot Louis ees not th' h'only man h'on that tickeet, no. They ees Judge Voorhies, fo' w'ich I go'ne vote in h'all th' precinct in this seex w'ad, me. He don' leev' in ou' w'ad, thass true, but malgré that ees good man, him, an' one good thing fo' him, he bin liv' befo' th' wah, an' thass h'Enough fo' catch ma vote, yes.

An' those Ripublican Democrat', they geev' ou' wa'd lagniappe h'on that tickeet in th' shape of M'sieu Hughes, an' ees no use fo' talk, we go'ne tek that lagniappe, us. I on'stan' he ver' fin' young man, an' we go'ne sen' him at Baton Rouge, an' we go'ne h'also sen' hees associe, McGuirk, fo' tek keh of him theh, yes.

An' fo' som' otheh part of those tickeet, mon cher Sylvestre, I go'ne w'at yo' call scratch, me. Fo' h'example, nobody w'at ees fren' wit' Jack Lafaince will r-riffuse to vote fo' Jean Baptist Edouard Lafaye, no. Thass th' h'idol of th' Creole, him, an' I don' keh weh they place him, Henri go'ne get ou' vote, yes. A man w'at pass by ma 'ouse ever' Sonday fo' h'invite me tek som'ting at hees depense, thass th' kin' of man I lak, me. An' as fo' th' balance of that tickeet, h'outside th' seex w'ad, I go'ne vote fo' w'at I think bes' fo' yo' an' me; an' fo' h'all ou' peep. That mean, I

go'ne vote stret tickeet wit' one h'exception—I go'ne scratch that man Buck, an' r-riplace him wit' th' nem of John Fitzpatrique, me. Of co'se we vote fo' Victor Mauberret, an Judge Aucoin, an' Hugh Cayenne, an' Ernest Morel—yo' know Ernest, eh? Ees th' man w'at h'assist ou' cousin, fo' ron that Supreme Court in those h'Exchange h'Alley. H'all th' res' of those peep' w'at ees cousin wit' us, of co'se, I say, fo' those bons gens we go'ne geev' th' solid vote of th' famille Lafaience, yes. This ees th' time, mon cher Sylvestre, fo' h'all good men to stan' h'on top h'each otheh, an' thass w'at I go'ne do wit' ou' relation h'on that tickeet, me.

H'as fo' those canaille I'ish an' Allemands w'at ees h'on those tableau, w'en I mek ma h'objection known to M'sieu le Maire, he wink hees h'eye, an' he say to me, he got those peep' bluff so strong they 'fraid fo' talk wit' out he geev' them permission, him.

In w'ich I b'leev' ees h'all right, en general, bot, I tell yo', Sylvestre, ef he don' kip hees two h'eye close h'on that Remy Klock, he go'ne fool him ver' bad, yes. Yo' an' me, we know he ver' ees smart man, him, an' he think ver' moch more fo' Remy Klock than he do fo' h'all the' res' of th' world, yes.

Bot I am desolé fo' be h'oblige to scratch le Gouverneur Fostaire, me, an' M'sieu le Maire, he say to me, we got fo' h'elect hees fren' in that Ceety Hall. He h'instruct me fo' tell yo' he go'ne print those h'election tickeet wit Rip-publican head an' Democrat tail, an' he say thass w'at th' Democratic Committee pledge theyse'f fo do, them. M'sieu le Maire he assua' me those politician w'at r-represent le Gouverneur Fostaire h'on those State Central Committee, they ees authorize' fo' sacrifice him fo' save that Ceety Hall. In w'ich I 'ave th' h'opinion he mek beeg mistek, bot of co'se, ef those Gouverneur h'insist h'on mek martyr of hese'f, ees not fo' Jack Lafaience fo' h'objec', no.

Well, mon cher cousin, yo' com' at ma 'ouse tonight, we go'ne h'organize clob fo' those parade, an' we go'ne get two bit' fo' h'each niggro w'at we produce, an' they go'ne be

one barrel w'itewash fo' transform them h'into good Democrat fo' this h'occasion.

Com' soon, yes, an' befo' we start, we pass by Hilaire, of w'ich th' cabaret ees free fo' ever'body this night.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



HOW ANOOL GOT ARRESTED IN LA NOUVELLE ORLEANS—(Told by Himself).

Me, I com' down yeh to see La Nouvelle Orleans, bot I leev in Opelous'. W'en Septime an' Aristide they return f'om visite to th' ceety, it, they tell me h'all 'bout that h'opera an' those Canal strit. I say I go'n witness that show an' promenade those strit an' see fo' ma own satisfaction h'all those



ON ROYAL STREET

sight, yes. So, I pack op ma shirt wit' collar an' tek ma neck tie an' buy som' new shoe, an' mes amis h'escort me to th' train an' I soon fin' mase'f en route to th' ceety, it, yes. Yo' know that Madame Charles w'at kip 'otel in those Rue Royale? She vraiment une belle femme, yes, an' she tek me in charge an' derek me fo' fin' Canal Strit. Yo' ain' nevair see noting lak' that strit ,no, wit' car run h'up

an' down in h'all direction, ontil yo' get those vertigo, yes, an' don' know w'ich way yo' go'ng, no. Bot, ev'ry weh I look in showcase an' h'on sign-bo'd, I see th' sem putty gal, wit beeg black h'eye an' curl so beautiful, I want fo' know w'at her nem, it. Madame Charles, she say—thass prim' don' of h'opera, an' I mek op ma min' I ain' go'n let not'ng prevent me f'om witness those h'opera, them.

'Ow I go'n get to that h'opera, me, I h'ask. Bot, Madame Charles, she tell me rit' way—tek' h'lectric car an' I stan' h'on th' conner ontil firs' car com' 'long, an', zip, she pass me by; two, tr'ee, fo' car, she do sem thing, an' le'v me in w'at yo' call th' lurch, yes. I get so mad, I shake ma' fis' at those h'impolite strit car; then a garcon, he laugh an' say "r-r-raise yo' finger lik' this," an' he show me 'ow. Firs' car she com', she stop, an' vraiment, mes amis, she go so fas', befo' I get in, it tim' for get h'out. Then, I see a beeg building, wit' two staircase w'at meet in th' middle, them, an' right h'on one side in li'l box lak jail, ees one fella an' I go op to him an' say, "fo' w'at they put yo' in yeh, eh?" "To sell tickeet," he tell me, an I say, "Oh, thass it, yo' sell tickeet." He h'ask me fo' one dollair, an' yo' know, w'en I reach th' top of those stair, nodder fella' he h'exclaim "geev me yo' tickeet"—"No, seh, not w'en I pay one dollair fo' that tickeet, yo' nevair go'ne get that tickeet, no." "Bot, yo' aint go'n get in ef yo' don' geev yo' tickeet," an', that putty gal she r-r-rise up in front ma face, an I d'in riffuse him no mo'; an' w'at yo' think he do, then, him, yes? He tear that tickeet en deux parts an' han' one back to me, an' a garcon tek it an' tell me, to "com' this way" an' show me ma seat. I pass mase'f in front those peep' an' say "excuse me" w'en I step h'on th' toe of those lady an' aft' w'ile, I r-reach nombre 64, thass ma nombre, an' I fo'ce mase'f h'into those seat, them. I assua' yo', je suis tres fatigué wit' pass those long lin' of peep' w'at r-rise op an' look lak I intrude h'on theh privacy, me, w'en ma h'elbow knock them in th' rib, yes. Then I look roun' those h'opera an' see hondred an' hondred of belles femmes wit' mo' di'mon than dress

h'on, an' I don' nevair see som'ting lak' that in Opelous', no.

Jus' as I turn roun', I see som' fella com' rit h'out of underneat' th' stage, an', parole d'honneur, they play soch museek h'on fiddle an' drum, I din' hear museek lak' that h'veen in Cathedral when th' Archbishop com' fo' confirm Celestin' an Onozifor las' year.

H'all of a sudden, th' light she go h'out an' th' curtain r-r-raise itse'f so fas', those peep they din' 'ave tim' fo' put



FRENCH OPERA HOUSE

h'on theh close, them, no! An' soch song an' dance an' crowd h'on th' stage—bot I say wheh that putty gal, her? At that moment, she appear an' com' f'om li'l hole back of th' stage, an' I feel it mos' wort' that dollair fo' look at her. Bot, a fella' wit beeg black moustache, he tek her by th' arm, an' she don' lak it, no, biccause h'all th' other peep' go an' leev her h'alone wit' th' fella' w'at got th' black moustache an' long knife stuck in hees belt, him, yes.

I say to mase'f, I go'ne kip ma h'eye on him, yes, an' he ain' go'ne harm that gal, ef I can prevent. Jus' at that time, she sing one high note lak Felicie whose grandfodder kip th' museek store in Pointe Coupée, an' that villain he walk op to her, wit' hees knee stret an' he lif' hees feet op high, an' sing loud, loud, yes. She mek h'effort to ron' 'way, bot, he grab her by th' h'arm an' catch that beeg knife h'out of hees belt an' r-r-raise it over hees head. W'en a man r-r-raise a knife over hees head, he mean somet'ing, yes, so, I stan' h'up in ma place an' I tek h'out ma six-shooter an' h'exclaim: "Hol' 'on, ma' fren'"—bot, befo' I could finish, som'body grab me f'om behin', yes, an' th' police tek me an put me in patrol—thass' 'ow I got in jail w'en I visite h'opera in la Nouvelle Orleans.

THE SPANISH WAR, 1898.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

I bin h'invite fo' spik w'at I think, me, about those Cuban wah; an' th' way it go'ne mek ruin those militia, ef it don't stop, yes. Yo' know that General Glynn, w'at parad those soldats in those Mardi Gras procession, he ver' moch attach to those militia, him. Well, that General, he h'ask me f'om one Battalion Lafaience, yes, fo' h'enlist fo' those wah, it. Th' purpose of those battalion ees fo' dress theyse'f op in blue coat wit' brass botton, an' fo' geev public reception at w'ich those soldats they dance h'all night w'it those demoiselle, them.

Now, that General Glynn, he h'ask me since two year, an' as yo' know, we h'organize that troop, us, wit' ou' cousin, Maxime, fo' capitaine, an' yo' beau' fils, Theogene, an' ou' jeune ami, Adrien, fo' sous-lieutenant, an' h'all th' res' of ou' fren' an' ou' parent' fo' swell those rank, them. An' we 'ave good time, yes, fo' seex mon't, mon cher Sylvester; an' Gouverneur Fostaire, he geev us ou' uniform, an' M'sieu Jumel, he contribute th' gon, an' Judge Sambola, he show us 'ow we shoot those gon, yes, an' ever' mont' we 'ave that soirée dansante, yes.

Well, thass h'all ver' nice thing, yes, mon cher cousin, bot now w'at yo think, eh? That General Glynn he pronounce him, an' he issue h'order th' Battalion Lafaience ees got fo' go to Cuba, yes, an' kip those Espagnols h'on th' h'outside that Chateau Moro, it!

Now, yo' think ees fo' that we join those militia, us? Yo' think ees fo' that we sign ou' nem to that pape', eh? No, seh, we a'in go'ne consent to those kin of thing. We didn' becom' soldat fo' th' purpose of fight, no, I assua' yo', mon cher cousin.

No, seh, we didn' h'expect fo' do not'ing of that kin', us. W'en we h'explain ou' position to those General Glynn, he

treat us ver' h'insolent, him, an' he say we belong wit' that militia not' fo' dance wit' demoiselles, no, bot fo' join th' armée w'en we ees order, us. An' l'instant we r-resign that job, us, an' w'at yo' think? That man, Glynn, he r-riffuse ou' resignation, an', he say, we go'ne be sent at Havana nex' Sonday by th' Morgan steamboat, it.

Now, mon cher Sylvestre, thass a h'outrage, an' I go'ne see ou' fren's in that convention, an' mek it unconstitutional fo' fo'ce th' militia fo' go to wah. Thass go'ne feex them, yes, fo' w'en those convention spik, yo' be sure those Gouverneur an' those General, they know they boss, them.

An' of co'se, those United State', they h'observe those h'ordinance of those convention; bot Jean Baptiste, he sog-
gest to me, peut-être, those Spanish peep's, they decline fo' h'obey those law, them.

Bot I feex that, too, me. An' this th' way I feex it, yes. I see th' President of those Bo'de of Healt', an' he promise me to quarantine those Spanish gonboat, him—that will kip them h'out, yes. An' fo' h'enforce those quarantine, he place yellow flag h'on those gonboat, an' h'appoint th' mem-
ber of those Battalion Lafaience fo' guard, at feefty dollair th' mont', fo' sit h'on th' deck, them.

Ah, thass ver' smart man, those President, him, w'en he follow th' h'advise of Jack Lafaience.

So thaas th' way we do. Wit' th' alliance of Jack Lafai-
ence, those Bo'd of Healt' quarantine an' those Convention, we go'ne be invinsible, lak Napoleon Bonaparte, us, yes!

So, we go'ne 'ave one li'l conference at those Washington Square, Vendredi soir, fo' feex this thing, us, an' w'en we get through, we gon'e show those peep ees not fo' put cuse'f in danger we h'establish that battalion, no. We go'ne 'ave th' biggest meeting yo' ever see in this town, yes, an' ever' member of those Convention an' those Bo'de of Healt', too, they go'ne be theh fo' support ou' deman', yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.

BOTTO AND THE CITY PARK FESTIVAL.

Copy of correspondence exchanged between Monsieur Jack Lafaience and V. J. Botto, chairman of the Fourth of July Festival at the City Park

New Orleans, June 25, 1899.

Monsieur Jack Lafaience, En Ville:

Dear Sir:—

The Commissioners of the City Park earnestly request your presence at the National festival to be given at the Park on the Fourth of July, next Tuesday. We will deem it an honor to have you take a front seat in our headquarters and any suggestion you will make as to the way we should run the Park will be faithfully carried out.

Yours truly,

VICTOR J. BOTTO,
Chairman Fourth of July Festival.
N'elle Orleans, Juillet 1er, 1899.

Mon Cher Botto:—

Ees no use fo' h'ask me fo' pa'ticipate in those Fort' of July Celebration at that Ceety Park. I am ver' moch h'oppose to that day, yes. Eees ma h'opinion they ees h'only one day fo' th' Creole, an' thass th' day we rek that Bastille, an' ees not fo' yo' an' me to lend ou' h'influence to h'anything w'ich mek th' Fort' of July mo' gret than th' qua'orze Juillet. Thass the one thing th' sang Lafaience will nevair consent, no. Fo' that r-r-reason, I am h'oppose to celebrate those fêtes Americains, yes. W'at they do fo' us, those canailles Americains, them? Yo' see 'ow they h'asphalt that rue des Ursulines, it? Yo' see 'ow they mek drainage tax, an' sewer tax, an' waterwork tax, an' h'electric light tax, an' those villified brick tax, an' h'all th' res' of those tax fo' w'at they call h'improvement, them! Well, to that I am h'oppose ver' moch, me, fo' I don' be'lee'v in h'electric



VIEW IN THE CITY PARK

light, an' in fact, I don' b'leev in h'anything w'at cost h'all that monnais, me. Eet don' do yo' an' me no good fo' pave th' strit, an' fill op th' canal, an' h'exterminate th' crawfeesh, no. An' I say to yo', ami Botto, ees a beeg mistake yo' an' M'sieu Capdevielle an' h'all th' res' of those peep' w'at ron th' Ceety Park, they mek, w'en they w'at yo' call h'improve those Park, them. An' those rule w'ich yo' h'adopt, I can't stan' them, me, no. Mon petit fils, Elegius, w'ich he ees th' fils of mon fils, Alphonse, he tell to me they no mo' permit garcons fo' feesh l'écrevisse in those lake, them, no. An' he say to me they go'ne r-riffuse h'entrance fo' petit garcon, h'onless they got shoe h'on theh feet an' chapeau h'on theh haid, them.

Now, thass bad thing, mon cher Botto, yes, fo' yo' mus' know those peep w'at frequent those down town Park, they ees not aristocrat, them, an' w'ile ees ver' good thing fo' those h'optown societé fo' kep th' peep' h'onth' h'outside theh gate, it won' do fo' downtown, those rule. No, mon ami, I will not h'assist at yo' festival nex wik, me. I am yo' fren, yes, bot as I say, I don' b'leev in this thing of mek th' Creole forget he ees Frenchman, him. An' I soggest to yo', ef yo' want th' famille Lafaience fo' yo' frien' th' bes' thing to do ees fo' h'abolish th' Fort' of July an' feex yo' celebration fo' th' Forteent' Juillet; an' ef yo' postpone to that h'effect, I will not h'only assua' yo' of th' sopport of ma fam'ly, me, bot I will h'even permit mase'f to be h'elect President of yo' Association, yes, w'en th' time com' fo' fill th' vacancy w'ich will r-result w'en M'sieu Capdeville fin' hese'f h'accept that situation in th' Ceety Hall, him, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



SPEECH OF JACK LAFAIENCE AT THE BAR DINER, MAY 29TH, 1900—CIVIL SERVICE.

Messieurs Avocats:

At th' riquest of yo' President, I tek h'occasion fo' spik to yo' tonight h'about those Civil Service law, it, yes.

As yo' know, me, I bin select by th' unanimous vote of th' boss of ma wa'd fo'r r-represent him in those Legislature, it, an' th' firs' thing I bin h'instruct fo' do, ees fo' r-ripeal those Civil Service law, yes. An' ees h'on that subject, I am call fo' h'address yo' yeh tonight, yes.

As fo' me, I do'ne b'leev in soch law, no, biccause ees th' worse kin' of law fo' me an' ma boss, us, yes. Nobody w'at know those practical politique ees in favor of that law, no.

In th' firs' place, w'at th' use of h'election w'at don' h'elect I lak fo' know, me? An' thaas w'at that law it do. It say, w'en we h'elect ou' r-representative to those Ceety Hall, it forbid distribution of those clerk, an' those job h'on striit car, an' those place h'on that police, an' those garbage cart driver—in fac', h'all th' res' of those good thing w'at ees th' right of those boss fo' distribute them, yes. They don' b'long to boss at h'all, no, bot to th' man w'at can pass th' bes' h'examination, him. Now, w'at kin' of law ees that fo' pass, an' yo' think I go'ne stan' that? Yo' think biccause a man can rid' an' write, ees fo' that a better man than me, w'at don' know moch h'about book or pape', bot, know ev'ything h'bout car'y ma precinct, me? That will nevair do, that law, no.

I b'leev' in proverb w'at say "th' cash ees fo' th' man w'at break th' bank," yes, an' w'en me an' ma boss we ca'ry ou' wa'd, us, we mus' ca'ry those job w'at go wit' th' ward, too, yes. Ef we don' get those job, they ees no mo' use fo' kip op th' Democratic Party, it, no, fo' ef it ain' got no mo' use fo' me, I ain' got no mo' use fo' th' Democratic Party,

it. Thass ma motto "no job, no vote," an' h'also, "no boss, no job."

I don't b'leev' in permit' those job be h'open fo' those peep w'at don' b'long to th' Choctaw Clob, no, an' ees fo' that, me an' ma boss we go'ne at Baton Rouge. He geev h'advice w'hich way I mos' vote, an' me, I go'ne theh fo' tek that h'advice, yes.

I bin tol' those contry member go'ne vote strong fo' that bill. Ah, mes avocats, yo' an' me, we know better than that, eh? We know 'ow we go'ne fool those greenhorn, fo' h'all yo' got fo' do to control them ees fo' holler loud, yes, an' beg them fo' "save th' party." W'en they yeh that, they go'ne save it, them, yes, h'even ef they think th' h'only way to save th' party ees fo' save th' job fo' peep w'at h'own th' party.

I go'ne tell yo' one li'l secret, me—thass this: those contry member ees got no sense at h'all in politique when compare h'alongside of yo' an' ma boss an' me, us, yes. We go'ne fool them this time, jus' lak th' cat she fool th' rat, an' thass h'easy, yes.

Bot, Messieurs avocats, in case those preacher get theh firs'—then we go'ne 'ave hard work; fo', ef those preacher fool them befo' we get th' chance, we go'ne 'ave no mo' h'influence, me an' ma boss, wid those contry legislator. An' in that case, ees h'on yo', ma fren', we mus' rely fo' get those Supreme Court fo' dicclare those civil service law h'unconstitutional, them, yes.

Bot, ef th' contry hoosier he can't be fool, an' those Supreme Court they riffuse fo' kip th' book shot when they look op that law, then we got one las' r-resort, us, yes. An' thass this—we will h'induce M'sieu le Maire fo' do th' sem thing as rippeal that law, an' thass fo' not h'enforce that law, it.

Enfin, Messieurs, I trus' yo' sentiment are th' sem as w'at I h'express me. Ees time fo' beat in th' head of those doctrinaire that politique ees politique, an' th' sooner those civil service peep r-realize they dead, th' sooner we go'ne celebrate ou' victoire, it, yes.

CLEMENCE AND HER BICYCLE.

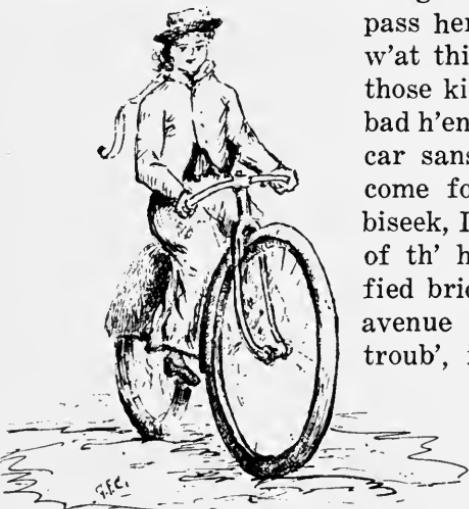
Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

They ees no use fo' ta'k, those jeunes filles w'at leev these day' they ees ver' strange peep, them.

W'at yo' think I was told by ou' fren' Evariste, w'at ees th' oncle of Ambroise? Ma foi, bot he sopprise me w'en he say to me hees fille, Clemence, she h'ask him fo' buy her one biseek! W'at yo' think of that, eh? Yo' think thass proper

thing fo' Clemence h'on w'ich to pass herse'f, her? I don' know w'at this town go'ne do nex' ef those kin' of thing prevail. Ees bad h'Enough fo' girl ride in strit car sans chaperon, bot w'en it come fo' ou' jeunes filles ride biseek, I can't on'stan', me. I am of th' h'opinion ees those villified brick h'on those Esplanade avenue w'at mek h'all that troub', it. Befo' that time we

nevair see no biseek, fo' th' r-r-reason those strit ees too bad fo' stan' th' transportation, them. Bot now,



since those brick they bin put theh, ev'y day those h'optown girl they pass they w'eel h'on those strit, them. An' w'ile ees ver' nice fo' look h'at th' girl of other peep' push theyse'f along that way, yes, h'at th' sem time, I don' b'leev' ees proper thing fo' see Clemence pass herse'f h'on two side one li'l saddle an' mek circus of herse'f fo' th' amusement of those Louisiana Jockey Club, no. H'each day they place theyse'f in line, w'eh they h'observe those jeunes filles, w'at pass by that avenue h'on those w'eel, them.

An' I say to Evariste, he mus' nevair permit hees daugh-teh fo' place herse'f h'on those biseek, no, fo' I don' b'leev' in mak' circus of those girl, me. I don't keh w'at h'optown say, we ain' nevair go'ne permit ou' jeunes filles fo' mek spectacle of theyself h'on those rubber pipe machine.

Fo' that r-r-reason I am h'oppose' to those biseek, an' I go'ne h'ask those Ceety Council fo' pass law fo' r-riffuse permit h'any biseek wit' demoiselle h'on top fo pass by that Avenue Esplanade, an' that go'ne kill th 'thing, yes. Ef those girl they can't show theyse'f h'on that Avenue Esplanade, they got no mo' use fo' biseek at h'all, them. Ees not so moch th' biseek w'at h'attract those girl, no, bot ees th' peep' w'at see them—thass w'at they lak, them, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB

McKINLEY'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS—1900.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Yo' notice those direction w'ich that President Mackinley he geev to those Congress h'on th' head of those foreigner, him, yes? Well, thass w'at I b'leev a ver' good thing, me. I allude to those law he go'ne pass w'ich mek diff'ence between th' kin' of peep' w'at leev in this contry, yes. M'sieu Mackinley, he say ess go'ne be wors' fo' kill one Italian, or one Chinaman than fo' kill one niggro, yes. He say ees time we show ou' appreciation of th' honor those Italian do yo' an' me, yes, w'en they r-remove theyse'f f'om those European palace w'eh they leev', fo' cultivate th' plantation, yeh, them, yes.

An' th' way we go'ne show ou' love fo' them, ees this: ef those peep' they steal cabbage' an' they get kill fo' that, or fo' h'any otheh thing, or ef they get drunk an' punch som' fool Americain, they got fo' be try by special Judge, them.

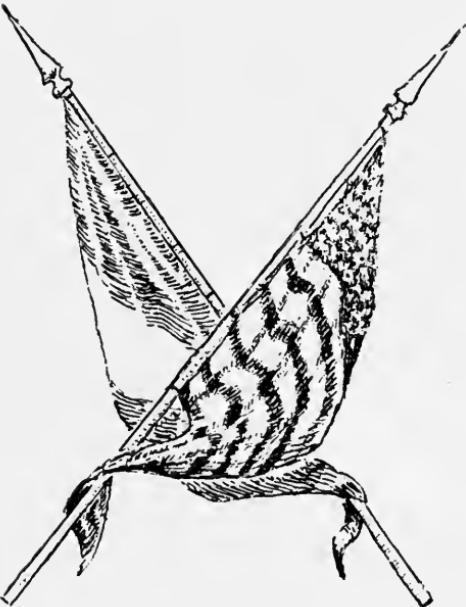
M'sieu Mackinley, he go'ne mek differn' Court fo' diff'ren' peep'. They go'ne 'ave Judge f'om Rome fo' be Recorder fo' th' man w'at sell banana; they go'ne be Judge f'om Berlin fo' fine those German beer saloon w'at don' pay Ceety license, an' they go'ne be Judge f'om Dublin fo' sen' at those workhouse h'all those I'ish peep w'at r-riffuse fo' vote that Democratic tickeet, it; an', mon cher Sylvestre, th' bes' of h'all, they gone be Judge f'om La Gascoigne fo' tek care of ou' fren's w'at sell th' milk, it. Ah, thass a gret thing fo' yo' an' me, mon cher Sylvestre, an' it will be gret day w'en we can show to those bêtes Americains th' flag of la belle France, she go'ne wave h'on th' Courthouse, her, an', wen at th' sem time, we mek those Yankee' on'stan' we ain't go'ne be fo'ce fo' try ou' case no mo' by those Yankee law, us, it, them, no.

Thass go'ne place those Recorder Hugh', an' those Judge

Baker, an' h'all th' res' of those kin' of peep' w'eh they billong, them. W'at they go'ne do w'en they got no jurisdiction h'over l'étranger, them? Thass w'at yo call h'expansion, yes, an' I ver' glad we vote those Rippiblican tickeet, us, in that las' h'lection, yes. An' I wish yo' come at ma 'ouse Sonday fo' prepare list of nem fo' sen' M'sieu Mackinley fo' fill those Judgeship, yes. We go'ne see th' rit kin' of man ees h'appoint, yes, biccause ees to ou' h'int'rest fo' he'encourage M'sieu Mackinley in hees good work. Ees th' firs' President of the United State' fo'

r-recognize th' principle that a law may be good h'Enough fo' canailles Americains bot ees not good h'Enough fo' Chinaman an' Frenchman, an' h'all th' res' of those stranger w'at honaire this contry wit' their presence, them.

Those Washington, an' Jackson, an' Grant an' Cleveland, they h'all 'ave th' h'idea that w'en a man com' yeh f'om som'w'ere h'else, he got fo' tek hees chance wit' th' peep



w'at leev' yeh, yes, bot ees bin r-reserv fo' M'sieu MacKinley fo' perceive th' fac', we got fo' mek special h'effort fo' h'induce them fo' remain yeh, an' mek they monnais. Hees h'intention ees fo' transfer, afte' w'ile, le gouverment of Les Etats Unis to one committee of statesmen h'appoint by th' government of Europe, yes, an', w'en that day com' we can assua' th' sem protection f'om h'insolt of arres' by police-

man to those Italian an' I'ish w'ich ees today th' guarantie
of h'ev'ry foreign man in China, yes.

So, yo' com' at ma' 'ouse an' we go'ne tek th' firs' step fo'
h'assist th' President by mek lis' of ou' fren' fo' Judge of
thos' Creole, them.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



JACK LAFAIENCE FEELS HURT AT THE PARADES NEGLECTING CREOLE TOWN.

M'sieu l'Editeur—

Ees fo' h'ask of yo' one favour I write yo' this present
lettre, me, an' thass this, yes; me; I wish yo' h'ask hees
Majesté Rex, w'at th' Creole they do him, them, w'ich
it displease him, yes. Fo' ef yo' h'observe th' strit those
Mardi Gras parade they go, them, yo' will see they ain'

nevair pass h'on th' Creole
side of this town h'any mo',
them. Now fo' w'at they don'
do that, eh? Ees not th' Cre-
ole good as those bêtes Ameri-
cains, I lak fo' know, me?
Ees not that Rue Rampart jos'
as fine strit as that Rue Poey-
farre, it? Ees it biccause
those Mardi Gras, they afraid
of th' crawfeesh in those gotter,
that they r-riffuse fo'
pass h'on this side that Canal
Strit?

Now, M'sieu l'Editeur, yo'
got som' brain, I b'leev, me.
An' so I h'ask yo' fo' see that
king, him, an' say to him they
ees planty mo' nice peep' w'at





leev' h'on those Vieux Carré, than' w'at leev h'on that Saint Charles Avenue, them, an' they got good h'eye fo' parade, too. I wish yo' say to that king ees been long time since he pass hese'f h'on downtown, an' those Creole enfants, they begin fo' think ole Rex ees étrangé wit' th' l'il Creole, him. As fo' those night parade', them, I notice th' h'only thing downtown fo' w'ich hey got some use, ees that French h'Opera 'ouse, it.

I don' say moch, mon ami, me, bot I think gret deel, yes. An' ef those Mardi Gras société know w'at ees good fo' them, they change they route, yes, an' they geev us moch less Saint Charles Avenue, an' moch mo' rue Rampart, yes. An' they better do that of they h'own h'accord, them, befo' we fo'ce them, yes. W'ich we go'ne do ver' soon, w'en we h'install those Creole h'administration in that Ceety Hall, yes.

Th' king he ees gret, an' Proteus, he ees gret, too. As fo' that Comus, he 'ave good h'opinion of hese'f, bot they h'all bettah tek care fo' Jack Lafaience ees soon go'ne be th' beeges' man in this town, him. Th' bes' thing fo' them to do ees fo' r-reharrange those strit, quick, yes. Ef they don' pass theyse'f by Frenchtown, th' firs' thing they know, they won't know not'ing at h'all, them, fo' ef those Creole drop h'out of those Carnival h'organization—wheh they go'ne be, I lak fo' know, me? Wheh they go'ne fin' les

jolies demoiselles fo' those maid of honor, an' h'even fo'
queen, w'at ees th' h'equal of those Creole girl, eh?

So, mon cher editeur, yo' r-represent Jack Lafaience at
that h'interview, an' yo' talk plain, yes. Let those Rex,
an' Momus an' h'all th' res' of those parade on'stan' 'ow we
feel w'en we ees fo'ce fo' pass ouse'f at that Canal Strit fo'
witness those Mardi Gras procession, it, them, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.





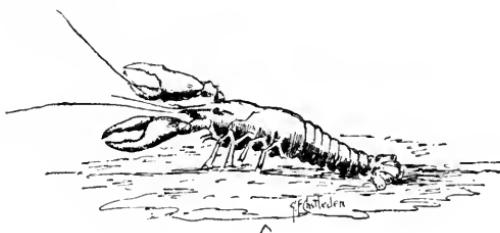
ZIZI.

Zizi was an old hunter whose stories were simply "incroyable" and, while nobody believed them, everybody liked to hear him spin his yarns.

"Yo' see, I pass at Bayou Manshac las' wik, yes, an' th' huntin' was not good at h'all, no. I hunt th' whol' day long an' ma bag was empty yet at fo' 'clock. At that time, I was so tire' I could 'ardly walk h'any mo, me. Bot, 'bout cinq minute apres fo', I cam' h'along side of one lil' lagoon, shape round lak pond, yes, an' wat yo' think I see theh? Seex dok, she stan' h'on th' aige of that pond, an' I say to mase'f, "'Ow I go'ne shoot those seex dok, an' not lose som'?" They h'all stan' tree, fo' feet apart h'on th' far side of that lil' round pond, it, an' then, I tek ma gon an' I look at it, an' at those dok. I din' see 'ow to get them widout I was'e those shot yes; an' worse, yo' know those good hunteh they nevair lak fo' lose theh game, no. Bot, Zizi he smil' to hese'f as he look h'at those string of seex dok stan'ing theh, an' not once did they think I was so close. Bot, I feex in ma min' I ain' goin' lose one, no, an' so I tek that musket an' bend it h'on ma knee an' I shoot clear round that pond, yes. Seex dok she fall, an' I go 'ome to ma 'ouse wheh ma wif' she r-rejoice fo' soch good luck. She mek salmi de canards h'on Sonday an h'all ma fam'ly was theh to he'p us h'eat those dok, them.

They ver' moch sopprise that ma musket din show sign of that h'experience, it, no. Th' r-reason was biccause, w'en I shoot those dok, I ben' back that barrel stret as it was

befo', an' h'even old Amédée, w'at ees ma cousin, an' firs' class hunteh hese'f, he say, he din' see 'ow som'thing lak that could be done, no. Bot, they h'all know me, yes. W'en I say w'at I do, ma famille b'liv h'evy word, fo' I bring home those seex dok an' 'ow would I 'ave those seex dok, ef w'at I say din' tek place, eh?"



STREET CAR SERVICE—JACK LAFAIENCE PINES
FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS—1902.

M'sieu l'Editeur:—

As one actionnaire of those r-Railway Comp'ny, ees ma desire fo' protest h'agains' th' way yo', an' h'all th' res' h'of those gazette Americains they h'abuse those strit car peep, them.

M'sieu' l'Editeur, I want fo' say to yo', yo' don' on'stan' w'at a gret thing M'sieu' Pearson, he do fo' la Nouvelle Orleans w'en he consent fo' sacrifice hese'f fo' th' benefit ou' convenience, him, by com' down yeh an' show to us th' way fo' ron strit car, him, us, yes.

Ah, thass a great man, that M'sieu Pearson, him, an' ees mek me triste fo' see hees no h'appreciate th' way he should be, him, by peep w'at prefer to place theh h'own comfort h'on top th' public good, them.

W'en we show ou' gratitude, us, yes, h'at that gret man f'om New York w'at pay us fo'ty million dollair in due bill fo' ou' strit car', him, yes? Ah, mon ami, they ver' few men w'at can buy strit car' wit'out cash, yes, an' me, I say it show gret head in that man by th' way he buy those car' h'on credit, yes, an' borrow th' monnais f'om th vendeur fo' pay th' h'intress h'on hees loan, him. W'at yo' think of that fo' financier, eh?

Ma foi, bot it tek Yankee fo' show Is'dore Newman he don' need monnais fo' be rich man, no!

Bot it grieve me ver' moch, mon cher editeur, fo' perceive th' way yo' h'insinuate thing h'at le bon homme Pearson, him, yes, to th' h'effec' he don' place h'enough car h'on th' track, him, no. Mon ami, ees not th'fac' they too few car w'at mek th' troub'—no, ah non, pas ca, mon ami, th' troub' r-result biccause they too many peep w'at want to ride in those car, them!

An thass rifflection h'on th' law, it, yes, w'ich that law, it bin pass by th' Ceety Council, it. Th' law say, M'sieu Pearson, yo ron one car h'each ten minute, yes; an' yo' keek, M'sieu l'Editeur, biccause M'sieu Pearson, he h'obey th' Council, him, an' he don' want mek too moch danger fo' promenade h'on those strit, him, yes, no.

A fin, M'sieu l'Editeur, 'ees fo' h'assua' yo', M'sieu Pearson an' those ceety h'Ordinance they harmonize together with each otheh, them, in this case, I write yo' this lettre, me. W'en th' ceety h'ordinance an' th' Strit Car Comp'ny stan' togetheh them, ees no use fo' common peep' fo' try butt theh head h'on that combination, them—ef they do, they bos' they head, thas h'all.

So yo' quit yo' complaint', I say, me, an' yo' let M'sieu Pearson h'alone, him. They got too much peep' in this town fo' comfort, yes, an' afteh w'ile, w'en they fin' h'out they got fo' move to otheh place, yes, or walk, them—then, mon ami, they h'emigrate, them, an' thass w'at in ma min', me.

Yo' let Jack Lafaience, M'sieu Pearson an' th' Conseil de Ville h'all by theyse'f, us, an' yo' see we go'ne restore to la N'lle Orleans son vieux prestige, yes—w'ich that mean befo' many mont', we go'ne fin' h'out th' car' bus'ness go'ne h'improve so moch, we will be h'able fo' dispense wit' those h'electricity, an' once mo' h'again propel th' car wit' those mule, lak we do in those good ole day, befo' we 'ave w'at yo' call progress, fo' disturb ou' slip, us, yes.

An' w'en that day come' mon cher ami, it mek no diffunce ef we run strit car h'ev'y ten minute', or h'ev'ry ten day, no.

Vive l'ancien régime! Vive th' man f'om New York!

JACK LAFAIENCE.

A CREOLE SERMON.

Ma de' fren's:—

I go'ne preach to yo' today of a great saint—h'all saint ees gret, as yo' know, bot as th' Bib' say that one star ees mo' shine than othe' star, so I say to yo' that one saint ees mo' great than plenty othe' saint. So, now I go'ne spik to yo' today h'about a saint w'at ees one of the gretest saint that leev since th' day of Saint Pet', him, yes.

I go'ne spik to yo' of Saint Patrique.

Yo' h'all know ver' well w'at he do, fo' yo' h'all know it was Saint Patrique w'at convert those heathen I'ish an' mek them to be Chretien. An' I say to yo', Saint Patrique he didn' have no h'easy tim' fo' do that, mes enfants. Fo' it ees very' hard thing fo' anybody fo' control those I'ish peep'. Bot th' Pope, he say, I got fo' convert those I'ish, or they h'all turn Jew. Now, we should bless th' Pope fo' that, fo' ef those I'ish peep' was Jew, they ees no tell w'at they won't do. They ees too smart now, h'already, an' the' Church ees th' h'only thing w'at can control them at this present time, it, yes.

Now, Saint Patrique, he was not I'ishman, hese'f, no—he was Frenchman. Bot he spik I'ish an' it tek Frenchman, or som' other kin' man fo' govern them as they h'each one born politician, them, an' 'ow they g'on agree w'en they disagree h'all th' time, fo' thass th' way wit' those I'ish peep, yes.

Now, Saint Patrique, he trav' h'all over I'lan' f'om one side to th' othe', an' he preach h'all th' time to th' peep'. An' they listen to him, an' they b'leev' w'at he tell them. Fo' those I'ish peep', they will b'leev' h'anything they ees tol' ef they 'ave trus' in you,' biccause they 'ave faith, yes.

Now, yo' mus' know that nobody ees saint, unless he perform mirac'. He mus' firs' perform mirac', an' afte' that, he ees saint; bot nobody ees saint until he ees dead fo' one

hondred yea'; thass a rule of th' Church. Fo' it would nevair do to mek a man saint befo' he die; biccause, in that case, he may w'at yo' call backslide, an' it would nevair do fo' 'ave soch saint, no.

So, Saint Patrique he was not a saint ontil long time afte' he die; an' I think yo' will fin' thass mos' gen'rally th' way wit' peep'—we nevair fin' h'out 'ow good they ees ontil they ees gone h'out of this worl', yes.

Bot, as I said to yo' befo', Saint Patrique he perform mirac'. I go'ne tell yo' of one gret mirac' he mek fo' those peep'. One time, he was preach h'all day long an' w'en h'ev'ning com', they ver' tire', an' hongry, fo' w'en those peep' hear sermon h'all day long, with'out not'ing to h'eat, it mek them ver' tire'. They was plenty of peep'—two, t'ree, t'ousand—an' h'all day long they 'ave not'ing fo' h'eat, or drink—w'at ees bad fo' I'ish. Yo' know they ees gen'rally thirsty, those I'ish peep' yes.

Then Saint Patrique, he say, I mus' feed those crowd—bot he didn' know w'eh he was go'ne get som' sopper. An' theh was a farmer, an' he 'ave one cow. He say to Saint Patrique, "Saint Patrique, I 'ave one cow. Thass h'all I got, me, an' yo' can 'ave him fo' yo' sopper," an' th' good saint, he say to th' farmer, he moch oblige. Then he kill that cow, an' cook that cow, an' feed that cow to th' peep'—they was plenty fo' h'all an' nobody was hongry no mo' then.

An' afte' they h'all had h'eat theh full, that gret saint, he tek th' skin of that cow, an' th' bone an' th' horn, an' he bless them, an' th' cow she com' 'live again, an' he geev him back to th' farmer.

Now, thass mirac' w'at Saint Patrique he perform an' no wonder he convert those I'ish peep. W'en yo' can h'eat yo' cow an' 'ave it too, thass mirac' an' to this day th' whole worl' they praise this saint. Wheh ev'r yo' go, yo' fin' those I'ish peep, mos'ly hol'ing job, them, lik' policemen, or maire, an' h'veen president of United States. An' this ees due to Saint Patrique, who convert those heathen I'ish an' geev' to politic' those men w'at r-rule ou' contry, it, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE ON ICE CREAM ORDINANCE—
1902.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

W'at yo' think of those las' h'outrage w'at those Bo'de Healt', h'assist by those Ceety Council, they perpetrate h'on this town, them, eh? By w'ich I h'allude to those law w'ich it forbid yo' an' me, an' ou' wife an' famille f'om mek h'ice cream h'on Sonday, h'onless we firs' procure permission of those Docteur Kohnke, him, yes.

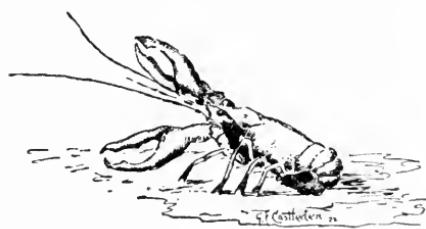
W'at kin' of law ees that, I lak fo' know, me? Yo' think I go'ne submit to h'imposition lak that, eh? Yo' notice those law they forbid yo' an' me fo' freeze h'ice cream h'onless we firs' sen' ou' freezer h'op town to th' 'ouse of those Bo'de Healt.' Yo' think Mamie Telesphore, w'at cook fo' me since long befo' th' wah, yo' think, I say, she go'ne permit him fo' criticize th' way she wash those tin pan, her, eh? No, seh, we will nevair permit that man fo' h'nsert those cheveaux de feu fo' dégeler mon creme a la glace in th' h'inside those freezer domestique, no.

Ah, Sylvestre, I say to yo', we got fo' keek h'on that law, us, yes. Me, I don' think Louie Cucullu he rid those h'ordinance w'en he vote h'on those law, him, an' fo' that we mus' h'ask him fo' r-rippeal those thing, yes. We got fo' draw th' line: an' we go'ne draw it right yeh, yes. Those B'ode Healt', they tek too moch to theyse'f, them; firs' they fo'ce Jean Marie fo' prepare hees milk fo' suit they taste, nex' fo'bid yo' fo' h'eat bifstek h'onless they place blue strik h'on th' sem, then they try fo' kip mosquito h'out th' ceety by compel yo' fo' substitute coal oil h'in place of water fo' fill those cistern; las' wik they h'enact law w'at mek it a crime fo' geev sedlitz powder to yo' enfant, an' now h'attempt fo' r-reach th' climax by place they h'inspector in h'all th' kitchen in la Nouvelle Orleans befo' they permit yo' fo' mek h'ice cream fo' yo' li'l children, yes.

So now, we go'ne sobmit no mo,' mon cher Sylvestre. I will nevair pay two-bit to those Docteur Kohnke fo' th' privilege of freez h'ice cream fo' ma' fam'ly, me, no, Yo' mus' com' an' see h'about devise plan fo' prevent this las' h'outrage.

Those Docteur Kohnke, he may put coal oil in ou' cistern, yes, bot th' nose of those Bo'de Healt' will nevair penetrate th' sorbetiere of th' Famille Lafaience, nevair, nevair!

JACK LAFAIENCE.



JACK LAFAIENCE AND THE CITY HALL BUDGET INSPECTION—1904.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Yo' rid in those Gazette w'at those Digressive Union they r-r-resolve fo' do ,them, yes? Me, I bin rub ma h'eye wit' sopprise w'en Alphonse, he rid to me they gone h'inspect th' budget, them. Now, w'at yo' think of that, eh? Ef thass not politique, I lak fo' know w'at it be. An' I ver' moch disappoint w'en I see those Union, they riffuse fo' kip theyse'f confin' to those dinner they give h'on ménü w'at they get print in Philadelphia, them, yes!



velle Orleans she got one was done in that 'ope w'en th' Bo'de she pass those r-r-resolution w'ich it say—ees against th' principle of those Union fo' tek part in h'any movement w'ich 'ave fo' its h'object r-reduction of th' sal'ry of th' man w'at feex th' h'assessment, it, yes! An'



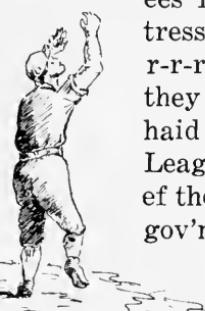
now they go'ne do som'thing ten time mo' worse, them, they go'ne fin' h'out w'at biccome of th' monnais we get fo' tax, us, yes. Ef thass not one h'attack h'on th' Democratic Party, I lak fo' know w'at yo' call it, me! ○

Ef those peep w'at pay tax ain' satisfy wit' pay, bot, au large, 'ave desire fo' h'ascertain w'at biccome of theh cash, then I say, ees time fo' rehorganize th' whole ceety gov'ment h'into one beeg Sew-age Bo'de, an' in that way, show those peep' ees not good fo' them to know too moch h'about finance, no.

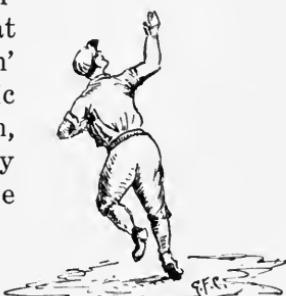


W'at yo' think those Maire an' those Comptroller—(ees th' man w'at work so hard, hees clerk they near kill theyse'f fo' kip h'on wit' those baseball game, them)—an' those Civil Service Commission, an' those n'elevator man, an' those po' otheh peep w'at ees fo'ce by circumstance fo' spen' two hour each day in those Salon McCloskey fo' h'noch—I say, how yo' think those politician go'ne h'express theyse'f h'on th' head of those Digressive Union? Ef they lif' those lid h'off those Ceety Hall pot, they go'ne be ver' h'interesting bombo h'Expose to th' public nose, it, them, yes.

Ah, mon cher Sylvestre, ees not good fo' ou' fren's, those boss, fo' stick those Union nose too deep in those bodget, it, no. An' I desire fo' 'ave yo' h'impress h'on those Union peep



ees' fo' they bes' h'in-tress fo' continue th' r-r-resolution w'at they pass h'on th' haid of those Civic League. That mean, ef they let those ceety gov'ment h'al one it, t h e n those ceety g o v ' m e n t



they r-r-return th' compliment, them. An' I assua' yo', they ees not'ing bus'ness man lak mo', than fo' be let h'alone, him, yes.

I don' h'object, me, fo' theh h'attack on Tom Moulin, an' th' striit gotter, no—thass w'at Moulin ees fo' him. At th' sem time, w'en those bus'ness man, they get too personal wit' ma fren' Moulin, h'all he got fo' do' ees fo' h'issue h'order fo' stop use th' banquette fo' warehouse, yes; they stop talk so quick, yo' think Tom Moulin th' bes' fren' they got in th' worl', him.

Bot, w'en they beggin fo' h'examine th' stub of th' cheque book of Patrique Macgrath, then, me, I say, thass too moch fo' ou' party, yes.

So, mon cher cousin, we got fo' bring ou' h'influence fo' bear h'on those Union an' kip they bookkeeper h'away f'om th' budget, h'even ef fo' do that we got fo' geev them som' plain talk, yes. Ees well fo' bus'ness men fo' know they got favor h'enough f'om yo' an' me, an' th' res' of th' Democratic Party, w'en we permit them fo' be h'assess h'on they goods at ten cent h'on th' dollair, them. An' ef they mek too moch keek h'about th' way we distribute th' cash, us—then, in that case, they go'ne fin' h'out curiosity it kill mo' thing than cat, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



BANQUETTE USED FOR WAREHOUSE

Ninety-three

CANAL STREET ROPES, 1906—JACK LAFAIENCE
WRITES SYLVESTRE ABOUT NEW ORDER.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Helas, mon cher cousin, w'at kin of place this ville she pass to herse'f these time, I lak fo' know, me? W'at th' las' fool thing those Maire f'om th' compagne he do, him?

He go'ne rope those Canal strit, h'inside h'out, him yes. Now, w'at yo' think of that, mon cher Sylvestre? Fo' th' firs' time in l'histoire de la Nouvelle Orleans th' Maire of th' town he try fo' tie th' peep to th' banquette, them, so they won' scratch th' paint h'off th' face of those Rex, w'en he pass by that strit, him, yes.

Yo' think I go'ne stan' that, me, Jack Lafaince, yes, no? Yo' think I go'ne permit mase'f fo' be chain lak niggro in Congo Square befo' th' wah, w'en parade pass h'on th' strit? Sacré-bleu, bot those Algier Bourgeoise he know ver' li'l h'about th' peep of this town, him, ef he think he go'ne deprive me an' ma fren' of th' right fo' pass ouse'f w'eh we choose pendant le Mardi Gras, us, yes.

Those kin' of law do ver' well fo' th' backwood of Algier, yes, w'eh he bin r-raise, bot I assua' him, mon cher cousin, he ain' go'ne fin' that pass in beeg place lak la Nouvelle Orleans, no.

We don' fo'get th' time write down by Gayarré, yes, w'en those canaille O'Reilly, he place th' rope h'in front those Cabildo, an' try fo' mek law fo' r-riffuse permission fo' peep fo' pass h'on th' inside those rope, them, no. Well, me, h'all I got fo' say, ees to th' h'effect, th' Creole of this time he ain' no mo' scare' than hees granfodder, no, an' those h'over-th'-river-Maire, he better remember somet'ing w'at he nevair know, him, yes, ef he h'expect to know somet'ing w'at he go'ne remember.

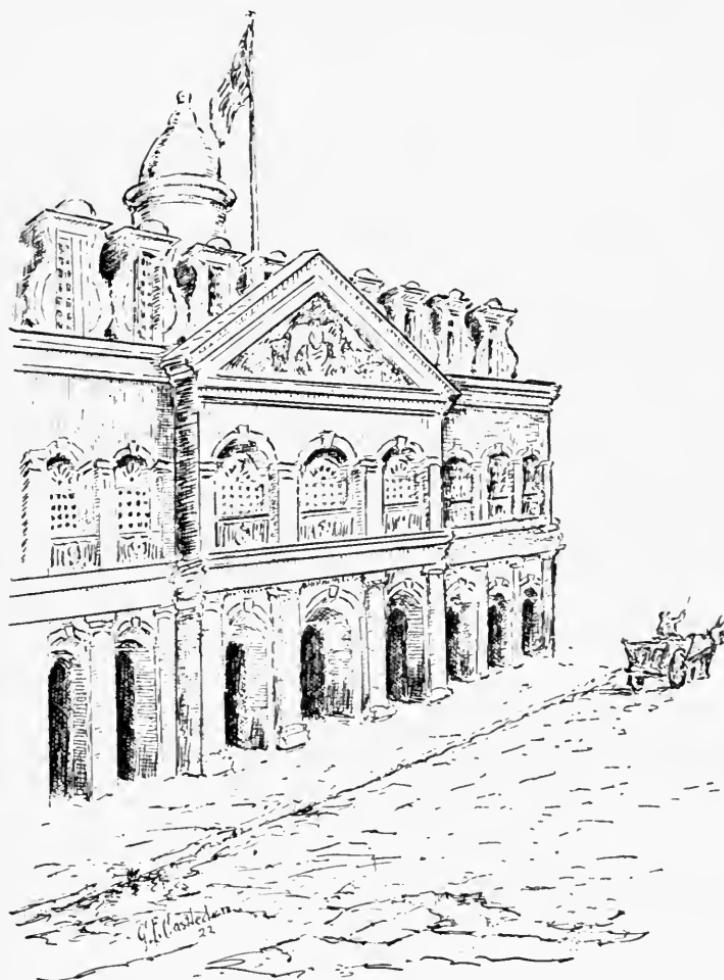
We can stan' mos' thing, us, yes, mon cher cousin; we don' min w'en those Ceety Council geev th' levee to those

Northern r-r-railroad, no; and' we don' kick w'en those Frisco peep h'appropriate to theyse'f, fo' bonne bouche, those Rue Basin, an' we nevair say not'ing w'en those Sew'-rage Bo'de pay two hondred t'ousan' dollair fo' hole in th' groun' back by Rue Robertson, us, no—thass not mon af-faire. Those kin' of thing we don't min; yo' and' me, an' ou' relation, biccause, we r-r-realize w'en a man get political job, ees h'expect he mek h'all he can h'out that job fo' hese'f an' hees fren, him, yes—bot, mon cher cousin, h'any man w'at use hees position in th' Ceety Hall fo' h'interfere wit' th' Mardi Gras of th' peep of this town, ah, I see hees finish, me, yes! An', M'sieu le Maire, he got fo' r-r-realize they no soch thing as pass one wire rope aroun' those procession', them, fo' kip th' peep f'om see jus' w'at kin' of stoff those costume be compose of, them, no. Me, I don' b'leev h'even a policeman go'ne fin' hese'f h'able fo' kip those peep h'on th' h'inside that rope, an' I assua' yo', I got mo'r-r-rispect, me, fo' one policeman than fo' ten Maire, yes.

So yo' com', mon cher Sylvestre, an' bring h'all ou' cousin, yes, h'on that Canal Strit those day that Rex pass hese'f h'on those float, him, an' yo' go'ne see th' mos' fon' yo' ever see in h'all yo' life, at th' time they try for' rope th' Creole lak cowboy do wit' cow, yes.

Ma foi, bot I would not lak to be those Maire, me, w'en he try that thing, no. I say to yo' mon cher Sylvestre, ef those rope don' fin' theyse'f r-r-remove f'om those Canal Strit befo' those foule de Carnival discover they h'impede they right, them, then, mon cousin, in that case, I say som-body go'ne fin' h'out they got otheh use fo' rope beside h'attempt fo' tie la Nouvelle Orleans h'on th' banquette w'en parade pass h'on th' strit, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



CABILDO

PAPA-BOTE JULES.

Saturday Jules passed the store, with a fine bunch of toothsome birds called papa-botes. Seeing, standing at the door our gourmet, John Donnelly, he thought he would try to effect a trade; so he ambled up to John, held his wares aloft, and said, "Yo' want som' papa-bote? Thass fine bird; yo' can't fin' no papa-bote lak this at that French Market, no."



"How much do you ask for them?" said John. Jules struck an attitude. "'Ow moch I h'ask? Well, I want tell yo' those papa-bote ees ver' fine, yes. Yo' don' nevair h'eat bird lak those, no."

"Yes," said John, "but what is the price?" "Th' price?" Yo' want know th' price? Now, I go'ne tell yo' that price; yo' jos' look 'ow those bird they ees fat lak botteh, yes. I bet yo' fi' dollair yo' can't fin' bird lak that at h'even Leon, no."

"Oh, give us a rest," said John, "I want to know how much they cost?" "'Ow moch they cos'? Yo' want know w'at papa-bote ees wort', eh? Well, I get those bird at Mandeville, at mon frère, Felix, w'at live by Frappart; he kill those papa-bote hese'f, yes.

"The mischief with Felix! I want to know what you will sell the string for," said John. "Th' mischief wit' Felix, yo say? Fo' w'at yo' say that, M'sieu Donnelly? Yo' know ver' well Felix ees th' bes honteh in that Mandeville, yes. An' yo' know las' yea', w'en we pass at Pine I'lan wit' yo' an' Paul, yes—Paul w'at shoot h'all those glass ball wit' yo'

cousin—yo' know ver' well Felix he kill mo' dok than h'all yo' peep' ensemble, yes."

"What is the matter with you, Jules? I can't stand here listening to you all day. Now, tell me how much you want, or quit." "Yo' think I gon'ne stan' yeh h'all day, me, too, yes? No, seh! Ef yo' want those papa-bote yo' don' get them fo' not'ing, no. Yo' think I go'ne sell them fo' less than they wort', eh? No, seh, I will peetch them in those gotteh firs' yes."

"Good Heavens! I've been trying to find out how much you want for the birds, and here you go on with a regular lecture. Answer my question." "Well, now I go'ne tell yo' 'ow moch I h'ask, ef yo' geev' me time, yes; yo' know w'at I pay fo' those bird? They ees one douzaine, yes, an' I pay one dollair fo'ty cent at Mandeville—at Mandeville, I tell yo'—an' I pay th' fret, thass twenty cent, w'ich mek one dollair sixty cent. Now, I go'ne geev yo' ba'gain, yes, yo' want know 'ow moch yo' got' fo' pay fo' those bird, eh?"

Here Jules stepped off a few feet—held his papa-botes aloft and admiringly stroked the plump forms. Donnelly felt like asking how much, again, but realized the best thing to do was to keep still, and let Jules go ahead in his own way.

"Now, I go'ne sell 'im chip, yes; yo' tek those papa-bote fo' one dollair six bit—ça fait bon marché, mon ami."

"No, Jules, that's too much," said John. "You must do better for me." "Thass too moch! Yo' say thass too moch! Yo' know w'at those bird wort', eh? Yo' know ver' well I can pass at Leon, an' he will pay two dollair fo' those papa-bote, yes. Thass too much? Well, 'ow moch yo' geev fo' those bird? Thass w'at I want fo' know, me?"

"Well," said Donnelly, "I will give you a dollar." Jules became excited, and jumped half-way across the street, and, pausing, fairly screamed: "One dollair fo' those papa-bote! Yo' tek me fo' fool? Yo' think I go'ne geev those papa-bote away, me! Yo' think I can't sell them to nobody bot yo',



PAPA-BOTE JULES

eh? No, seh, yo' will nevair get those bird at that price. I go'ne stret at Leon, yes."

Here Jules started off rapidly, but, in a moment, stopped, and returned to the scene. "I tell yo' w'at I do, me; I go'ne sell yo' those papa-bote, h'even ef I lose that fret, yes. Yo' tek them—min' w'at I tell yo' now—yo' tek them fo' one dollair, fo' bit!"

Mr. Donnelly shook his head. "Only one dollar," he said. Jules blazed. His hands trembled, as he came closer and prepared to launch at Donnelly's head a fire of his choicest "gombo" sarcasm.

"Yo' know w'at I think, me? I think yo' don' want those bird, I think yo' don' know w'at fine papa-bote ees, no. I think yo' nevair h'eat papa-bote an' yo' blood too mean fo' good thing lak that, yes. Now, I go'ne prove w'at I say, me. Now, I go'ne show yo' yo' got no h'intention fo' buy those bird. I go'ne mek yo' h'eat dirt, an' I go'ne mek yo' 'shame of yo'se'f, yes. Now, yo' see." Jules again struck a tragic pose, held the bunch of birds at arm's length, and said, emphatically: "Yo' tek him fo' dollair an' quattuh!"

Donnelly's face remained passive. "One dollar," was all he uttered. Jules appeared transported; he pulled off his shabby hat, flung his birds on the ground, picked them up again, and finally gave vent to his feelings in this manner. "Yo' want fo' h'insult me, yes! Yo' think that fo' th' r-reason biccause I am po' man, yo' go'ne stan' yo' foot h'on ma head, yes! One dollair fo' those papa-bote! Fo' w'at yo' don' say two bit, eh? Yo' think I go'ne was'e ma time fool wit' yo', an' yo' think ma brodde' go'ne pass by Frap-part at fo'

'clock in

th' morn-

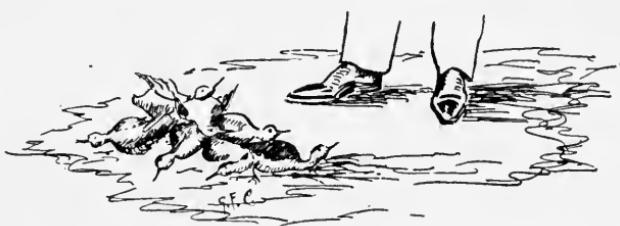
in' fo' one

dollair!

Ma f o i,

non! Bot,

I g o ' n e



geev yo' one las' chance—I go'ne spik wit' yo' fo' th' las' time—yo' tek him fo' one dollair two bit, for I ain' go'ne stan' no mo', me."

Here Jules assumed an engaging expression, and paused for a reply, while Donnelly shook his head.

Then, suddenly, without moving a muscle of his countenance, or evincing any shade of disappointment, Jules laid the string of birds at Donnelly's feet, held out his hand, and said, "Yo' geev me th' dollair."



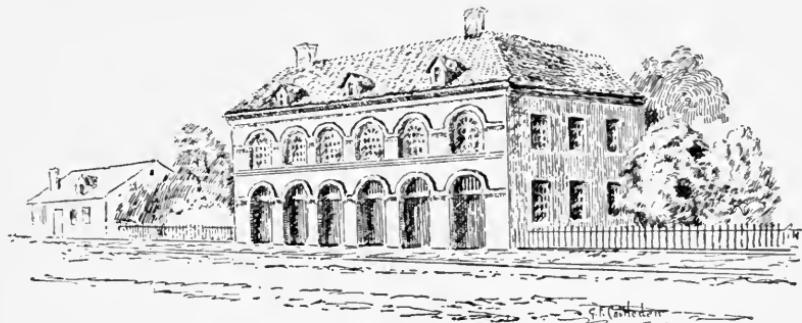
JACK LAFAIENCE GREETS THE PRESIDENT—1909.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Fo' w'at yo' don' pass by those h'optown strit fo' see that h'Expensive Union mek they promenade wit' M'sieu Taft, him, eh? Ah, mon cher Sylvestre, thass a gret night, it, I assua' yo' fo' see those Union peep in that footrace fo' h'obtain firs' place in those parade, them! Bot me, I laugh h'all over, w'en I see those Gouverneur win th' prize, him. I say to yo', mon cher cousin, ees one cold day h'on th' Fo'th of July w'en M'sieu Sandair he don' ride th' firs' horse in th' procession, him, no.

Bot as fo' President Taft, I think ees too much load fo' small boat, an' fo' that, those boat she break down wit' that heavy weight, her; it seem to me those committée they should percieve yo' can't put t'ree hondred pound man h'on feefty pound boat w'it h'impunité, them, no. As mon ami, Pujol, h'observe to me, ees too bad he didn' ron fo' h'office h'on those Omeander, fo' ef he ron in those h'election lak he ron h'on those Mississippi river, Bryan he got him beat bad, yes.

I notice those Historical Committée, it, they go'ne geev him ride pas' those Italian Quarter, Sonday, them, fo' show



ORIGINAL HOUSE OCCUPIED BY BIENVILLE—1727

to him those ancien maison w'at been th' 'ome of Bienville, bot w'ich we now convert h'into macaroni factory fo' show 'ow we r-r-respect h'old age, us. Ef I bin h'on those committée, I kip those carriage window shot w'ile I pass that way, me, an', at th' sem time, I hol' one beeg mouchoir wit' eau de cologne in front th' nose of th' President w'en he pass those French Market, it.

An' I see they go'ne tek him by those Naval Station, fo' h'eat hees lonch h'off th' floor of those dock, them. As fo' me, I would not tek th' President theh, no, fo' th' r-r-reason ef they don' look h'out, thy go'ne fin' those M'sieu Taft, he



FRENCH MARKET

go'ne tek th' res' of those Naval Station an' ship it to r-r-rejoin w'at been ship away h'already, yes.

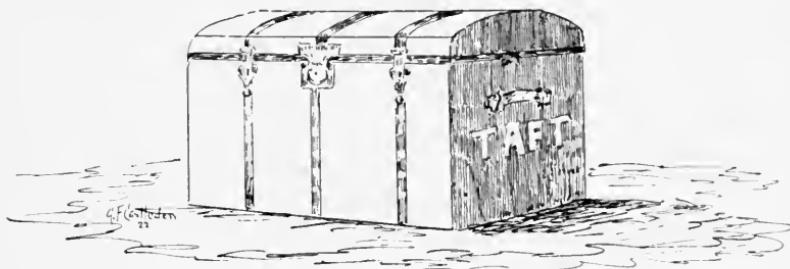
I b'leev ees bad thing fo' show peep f'om th' No'th w'at ron th' gov'ment, that we got h'anything in this town w'at belong to those United States, them, fo' th' r-r-reason, ef they know that, they go'ne tek that property, an' transport it to New York, yes. Ef I could do so, I would conceal those Mint, me, fo' prevent those President place it in hees tronk w'en he go, him.

As fo' those Gouverneur, an' those Congressman, an' h'all th' res' of those peep w'at com' yeh by free ride h'on those fast boat w'at h'escort those President flagship at a distance

of fefty mile behind—I rid w'at they spik after they tek som' drink, them, h'on those boat, me. I notice th' far down th' river they get, th' more word they spik, them, an' th' less they say. As fo' M'sieu Taft, an' those Speaker Cannon, w'at ees th' fren of Bob Broussard, w'ich he convert to stick to th' Democratic Party w'ile at th' sem time he vote wit' those Rippiblican Platform, yes—I say, as fo' th' spich of those smart politician, they mek me laugh too moch. M'sieu Taft, he say he b'leev in high water, provide he can place mortgage note fo' r-raise th' cost; an' M'sieu Cannon, he say, he b'leev in high water, him, too, bot he don' b'leev in mortgage note fo' pay th' cost, no. An' they bot' wink th' h'eye at h'each otheh, an' spen' th' revenue fo' build battleship w'at las' two yea' befo' they wear h'out. By that time, we r-r-ripeeat th' h'operation an' th' Mississippi river can do w'at she pleas' her.

Me, I am Democrat h'inside, yes, bot, I say to yo', Sylvestre, I b'leev one Rippiblican Congress f'om Louisiana prove better h'investment than h'all th' Expensive Union spich, an' thass saying great deal, yes. Bot, by that I mean a Rippiblican w'at been Rippiblican befo' he pass by Washington, him, not a man w'at wink bot' h'eye in diffe'nt direction. M'sieu Taft, he lak h'all other Rippiblican, he go'ne geev th' pie to th' peep w'at furnish th' vote, an' thass h'all we can h'expect, us.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



JACK LAFAIENCE DISCUSSES THE BENCH, THE BAR AND MR. FARRAR—1910.

(From *The Times-Democrat*)

As Jack Lafaience, J. J. McLoughlin, the versatile imitator of Creole dialect, has become known all over the United States, so much so, that people from this city, sojourning in other parts of the country, are continually questioned as to who Jack Lafaience really is. Even before F. P. Dunne created the character of Mr. Dooley, the name Jack Lafaience had become a household word in this city and the fame of his witty dissertations had spread abroad in literary circles of the country, Eugene Field having been one of the first to appreciate Jack Lafaience's quaint dialect.

In the opinion of those who attended the banquet tendered Edgar H. Farrar by the members of the Louisiana Bar Association at the Grunewald Hotel, the address made by Mr. McLoughlin, in his character of Jack Lafaience, was one of the finest and wittiest efforts he had ever made.

At the request of friends, Mr. McLoughlin has endeavored to put in type the impromptu speech made on that occasion. It has been difficult to reconstruct his remarks, owing to the fact that the speech was made without notes and was entirely impromptu.

The following reproduction gives but an imperfect idea of the discourse that called forth the most enthusiastic applause from those present at the banquet. Mr. Farrar himself joined heartily in the laughter that greeted Jack Lafaience's witticisms.

Messieurs Avocats:

Yo' will excuse me fo' confess to yo' I can't see thing'
jus' lak' those peep' w'at they spik befo' me, them, no.

I been sit yeh, an' I consider w'at was say by ou' gret Creole avocat, w'en he say, befo' yo' sign yo' nem h'on pape', yo' mus' stop, look, an' listen, yes. Me, w'en I yeh h'all th' good thing w'at was say by those peep' w'at they jus' sit down h'at th' time they stand op, them—I say, w'en I yeh h'all those good thing they say h'on th' head of M'sieu Farrar, him, I wonder ef they b'leev h'all those compliment, them. I wonder ef they stop, look an' listen befo' they h'express theyse'f h'on th' sobject w'ich we sit befo' to-night, him. Fo', I assua' yo', mes amis, w'ile I h'admit M'sieu Farrar, he gret lawyer, him—in one way—at th' sem time he mus' not be deceive fo' think himse'f w'at he can't be him, no. M'sieu Farrar ees firs' class lawyer of today; me, I h'admit that, yes, bot thass h'all I can say. An' w'ile he impress ver' moch wit' th' way he spik in seex language h'at once, yes, still, to ma h'opinion, he don' arrange hese'f h'on th' side of those gret Creole lawyer w'at leev' in th' time of Pedesclaux, no.

I 'ave no doubt he beeg h'enough fo' hol' hese'f at th' top those American Bar Association w'at don' know not'ing h'about those code Napoleon, them; they nevair hear of Laurent an' Pothier, no. Bot thass diff'ent thing f'om try fo' convince th' Soppreme Court of Louisiana, as yo' know yose'f, mes freres-avocats.

Yo' think M'sieu Farrar he capable fo' write th' Civil Code, him? Ah, non, mes amis, thass too moch h'even fo' him, yes. He may h'expound those Civil Code, him, bot it tek Creole fo' compose those Code, yes. An' thass prove by th' fac' that h'although two Creole lawyer they write those Civil Code, them, yet th' whole Legislature they ain' got h'enough brain fo' h'unwrite that law h'even wit' th' h'assistance of ou' fren' Farrar, him.

Bot, I h'admit, they got some mighty good point in that man w'at ees place h'on top that Bar Association, him. He can mek peep' think he know planty w'at he talk about, by th' way he talk, yes. An' he got th' courage of hees conviction, him, w'ich that mean, he h'always got som'thing

fo' say, an' he say it loud, yes. An' he don' confine hese'f to court, no. He w'at yo' call th' Roosevelt of Louisiana, him, wit' hees tongue h'on ever'thing w'at ees transpire in this state, yes. Ef th' B'ode Healt' decide fo' wash h'out those Italian Quartier in th' Vieux Carré, it ees him w'at hold th' hose. Ef th' Gouverneur of Louisiana don' know ef he leev in Washington or Baton Rouge, ees M'sieu Farrar w'at fin' him in those strit an' return him wheh he b'long to those Panama h'Imposition, yes. In h'all those campaign wich 'ave fo' theh h'object th' h'intres of th' state an' ceety, them, yo' will fin' ou' fren' h'at th' top, yes, fo' hees vocation ees fo' h'advise hees fellow-ceetizens w'at they got fo' do h'on ever' h'occasion. An' he nevair fo'get that vocation, him, no.

As fo' that remark of M'sieu Hart h'about that only judge at large at th' present moment—as fo' hees remark to th' effec' ees th' practice of M'sieu Farrar, w'en he lose hees case, fo' w'at yo' call cuss th' court an' tek h'appeal both h'at th' sem time, an' f'om w'at I yeh at this table, me, theh ver' few lawyer w'at can lose theh case, cuss those court, an' be right theyse'f, h'all at th' sem time, them, w'ich I on'stan' ees th' custom of ou' fren' M'sieu Farrar, him, yes.

An', mes avocats, w'ile I don' class ou' guest wit' Mazureau, Duvigneaud an' h'all th' res' of those gret Avocats Creoles, an' w'ile I don' b'leev' ees proper fo' praise him so moch he go'ne swell op an' bos hese'f, at th' sem time, I h'agree wit' M'sieu Hart w'en he say M'sieu Farrar, he moch better lawyer than many peep h'on th' other side th' case lak him fo' be, yes. An' I desire fo' h'add ma h'encouragement fo' him in hees b'lief ees th' duty of th' Bar fo' h'educate th' Bench—bot I b'leev thass a beeg job h'ven fo' beeg man lak Farrar. Bot, he go'ne kip it op, yes, that man Farrar, him, an' som' day they go'ne learn som'thing in spite theyse'f. An' I agree wit' ma fren' Farrar w'en he say it would h'improve th' situation ef we put some judge back at th' Bar an' put some lawyer h'on th' Bench. Bot,

in that case, ef M'sieu Farrar he assume th' black robe, him,
I don' b'leev we gct h' enough jail fo' hold th' peep' he go'ne
find guilty of contempt of court, him, yes.

As that Toastmaster h' observe, som'day, w'en we h'all
dead except hese'f, an' we look back h'on this day, we go'ne
conclude that Edgar Farrar, he th' gretest lawyer—wit' th'
h'exception of Thomas J. Semmes—w'at leev since th' time
of W. O. Hart, yes.



COURT SCENE.

(True episode in which Jack Lafaience figured.)

At one time Mr. McLoughlin (Jack Lafaience) was one of the Corporation Counsel and, as such, is responsible for the story that is here told.

He was sent to prosecute a militant milkman, called Barbazon, who was charged with having assaulted a pound-keeper, and taking a cow from him. The trial took place in a City Court, presided over by Judge Larauld, a true specimen of the ancien' régime. Barbazon was defended by a dignified old Creole avocat, M. Larème.

French being the tongue prevalent in that quarter, the Attorneys informed his Honor they would have the proceedings in that language.

Judge Larauld bristled up, "Sir, this ees not France, this ees th' United State' of America, an' th' case will be try in th' United State' language, or it will not be try at all."

So they proceeded to try the case in the "United State' language." After proving that Barbazon had attacked the poundkeepers and rescued their quarry by force, the prosecution rested, and Barbazon took the stand. His Counsel sought to prove he was not a public brawler, but was so affected by the spectacle of his own cow in the hands of the law, that sympathy overcame judgment, and he rushed to her rescue.

Mr. Larème, pompous and dignified, essayed to elicit proof of his client's ownership of the derelict. "Mr. Barbazon," he asked, "who is the proprietor of the animal that has been sequestered by the law?"

Simple-minded Barbazon found the question too deep for him, and replied, "M'sieu Larème, I don' on'stan' w'at yo' say, me, no."

"Well," replied avocat Larème, "I will try to be plainer. "In whom is vested the right and title of ownership in the animal seized herein?"

Even in this simplified form, the question was beyond poor Barbazon's comprehension.

"M'sieu Larème, w'at yo' tell me ees somt'ing I can't see mase'f comprendre, no, an' I h'ask yo' please be mo' distinct, yes."

Avocat Larème became irritated, as his client was impugning his inquisitorial ability, so he began again, this time in an angry tone: "I have tried to be as succinct as possible, and to elucidate the facts of the case, but I will make another endeavor: Mr. Barbazon, in whom rests the proprietary claim and ownership with respect to the quadruped in this legal controversy?"

The dairyman looked up appealingly to Judge Larauld's stern countenance, and in broken accents, said "Judge, thass' w'at I can't see w'at mon avocat he say w'en he talk him, an' I mus' h'ask yo' fo' pleas' say that fo' me, yes."

The old Roman on the Bench glowered at the bewildered culprit, and said to him: "Mr. Barbazon, your own lawyer has ask yo' a ver' plain question, in ver' plain language; an' if yo do not answer him in one minute, I will send yo' to the Parish Prison fo' contempt of court, yes."

Poor Barbazon trembled; the sweat stood in beads upon his brow, and his fingers worked in nervous agony, as he looked around for some relief.

The sympathy of Jack Lafaience was enlisted. "Mr. Larème," said he, "perhaps I can make him understand." "Oh," replied the other lawyer, "if you think you know the language better than I, try it."

The corporation counsel hailed the sufferer in his native tongue: "M'sieu Barbazon," said he, pointing his finger at him, "M'sieu Barbazon, that cow, who she be?" Barbazon's face changed, he beamed with understanding. Turning to the stern Judge above him, and responding to the familiar sound of his mother-tongue, the answer came, strong and true, from a mind cleared of all doubt, "Ah-h, she me, yes."

ADDRESS AT LUMBERMEN'S BANQUET—1911.

Eees a great pleasure fo' me fo' pass mase'f in front those peep' f'om th' No'th w'at mek theyse'f millionaire by purchase ou' cypriere fo' four bit les arpent, an' then sell th' tree fo' feefty dollair h'each, yes.

Ah, mes amis, ees ma' b'leef ou' fren', Pearl Wight, ees not th' h'only man leev' in Louisiana w'at don' h'appreciate 'ow good a thing those cypriere they be, them, it, no.

An' I say, ees gret thing fo' be h'afford th' pleasure of shake th' hand of th' man w'at get yo' timber th' sem way that ancien' juif, w'at ees nem h'Esau, he dispose of hees inheritance, him.

Bot, ma dear fren', ees not fo' me, at this present time, fo' mek complaint biccause yo' got mo' sense than me an' ma cousin, no. I h'appreciate that Providence she don' geev monnais to th' man w'at don' know 'ow to kip it, no.

An' fo' that, I can see by w'at yo' say, that peep' f'om th' No'th, they moch better fo' mek plenty monnais than fo' mek speech, them. An' h'also ef that man w'at b'leev he firs' cousin wit' Carlotta Patti, him, he could hear hese'f sing, ees ma conviction he be content fo' h'only mek those dollair, it, them.

As fo' M'sieu Bruce, he confess he espouse hees wif' fo' th' purpose of pass hese'f by this banquet, two h'on one pass, him—I say thass not moch fo' brag h'on, me. Ef I let ma wif' know I ma'y her biccause she ma las' chance, h'afteh I try twenty year wit' othe' girl w'ich they h'all r-riffuse, them, I b'leev I kip that secret to mase'f, me, fo' sake of peace in ma famille, yes.

Bot, I didn' stand mase'f op yeh fo' tell yo' w'at I think h'about yo', no. I got mo' r-r-regard fo' th' requirement of hospitality, me, than tell yo' ma h'opinion of yose'f, mes amis, no, an' th' way yo' mek millionaire of yo'se'f f'om th' cypriere swamps of ma grand fodder, him.

I wish to say, I ver' happy fo' h'extend to yo' th' good wish of th' Creole h'on this h'occasion, me, an' h'at th' sem time fo' h'express ma felicitation at yo' departure, yes, to th' place w'eh yo' b'long—w'ich I am glad fo' say, tho' I don' liv' theh mase'f, me, it mus' be ver' fine habitation w'at ees build h'on th' monnais w'ich we Creole h'allow yo' fo' mek as h'easy as roll h'off those log, it, them, yes.

So long as we got cypress tree' fo' sell cheap, mes amis, I know yo' go'ne kip yose'f h'on ma liste de visite, an' w'en yo' r-return, I will r-r-receive yo', as become ma fam'ly, yes.

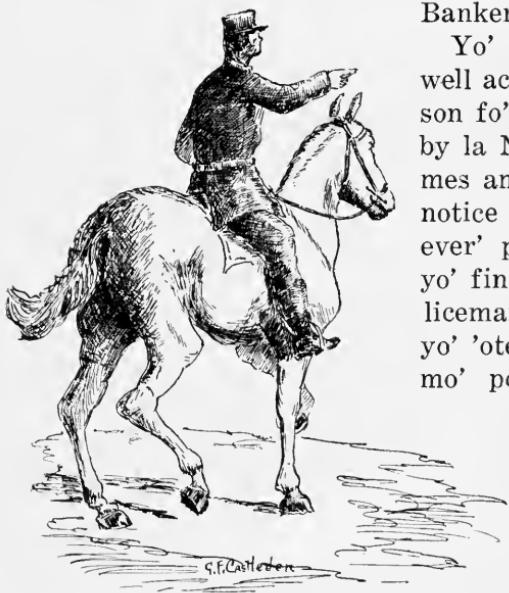
Now, w'en yo' go, it ees to say "au revoir," bot, I know that afteh yo' complet' yo' purchase of h'all I got, me, then I will say, "Adieu."



ADDRESS BEFORE THE AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION—1911.

M'sieu' le President:—

It give me gret pleasua' to h'appear this morning, or h'any time, in front of a congregation w'at ees devote by h'all th' rule an' regulation' of theh law, to th' design fo' tek f'om peep h'all theh monnais, an' kip it fo' theyse'f—w'ich I h'onstan' ees th' purpose of Banker, him, yes.



Yo' will perceive we are well acquaint' wit' th' r-reason fo' w'ich yo' pass yose'f by la Nouvelle Orleans, yes, mes amis! Biccause yo' 'ave notice h'on th' striit that ever' place yo' pass yose'f, yo' fin' at yo' h'elbow a policeman, yes, an' in front yo' 'otel yo' discover planty mo' policeman h'on horse, them, yes. Perhaps yo' j o d g e, f'om w'at yo see, th' h'object of those police ees fo' protec' yo' f'om th' peep of this town,

eh? Well, fo' that, yo' mek mistake, yes; ees not fo' protec' yo' f'om us we got those police kip yo' in theh h'eye, no—an' contraire, ees fo' protec' us f'om yo' we got h'all those watchmen kip yo' so close, them, yes.

Ah, mes amis, this ees not th' firs' time we got peep f'om th' North pass theyse'f in this town, them, no! An' we see w'at those peep they do, them—we see w'en a man f'om th'

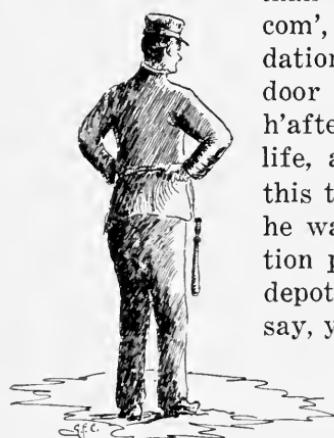
No'th com' yeh he bring wit' him one valise, yes, bot w'en he pass back, him, he tek seex tronk fo' contain w'at he pick up, him. Fo' that r-reason, we go'ne kip ou' h'eye h'on yo' ver' close w'ile yo' remain wit' us, yes.

In that way, we got some h'experience, us; fo' h'example, w'en that man Roosevelt, he pass hese'f by this place, him, we neglec' fo' put policeman h'on hees trail, us, an' w'at th' result, eh? Ees th' fac', w'en he leave this town, him, we discover—h'after he ees gone—that he bin' h'appropriate th' Navy Yard, yes, an' tek it to Philadelphia in hees valise.

An' las' year, that otheh man, w'at ees name Taft—an' I assua' yo', th' way that man talk, hees nem it should be mo'

than Taft, yes—well, w'en that man com', he bring wit' him good recommendation fo' h'integrité, an' we don' lock door h'on him, no. Par consequence, h'afteh we geev' him th' time of hees life, an' mek him so protect he b'leev this th' bes' place he ever perceive, an' he wave hees hand f'om th' h'observation platfo'm as hees train pass by th' depot—afteh h'all those nice thing he say, yes, w'en we wek h'up th' nex' day,

w'at yo' think we fin' h'out he tex wit' him in hees trunk? He tek th' United Stat' Mint, yes, an' we nevair go'ne see those



Mint h'any mo', us, no! Thass a thing h'even those Federal troop they din' 'ave th' nerve fo' grab, them, bot this man Taft, he tek that Mint jus' as h'easy as th' baby tek scarlet fever, yes.

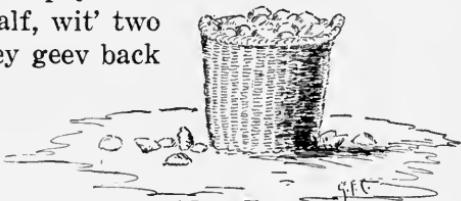
So, mes amis, f'om w'at I say yo' comprehend w'y we tek soch good care of yo' at this time, yes. An' yo' notice th' Committée, they tek yo' roun' th' corner in those h'automobile an' they ees som' place they nevair show to yo' at h'all, no. Fo' h'example, they don' show yo' th' Postoffice, or th' Jetty, an' fo' w'y? Biccause they fear ef they show yo'

h'anything w'ich b'long to those United State' Gov'ment, yo' go'ne tek that thing home conceal in yo' baggage, yes, lak w'at was done by yo' compatriot' w'en they remove those

Mint an' those Navy Yard, them, yes. Fo' that r-r-reason yo' will on'stan' th' nécessité of those cordiality w'it w'ich we kip th' police clos' h'on yo' trail.

Now, as to th' sobjec' h'on w'ich yo' r-riqquest ma h'opinion, me, I mus' confess, I don' know so moch h'about th' kin' of Bank an' Banker they got these day, me. In fac', ma h'acquaintance wit' Banker was obtain w'en I serve h'on th' Jury in Federal Court, me, bot yo' Chairman, he assua' me thass not th' sem kin' of Banker we got at this convention, it, no.

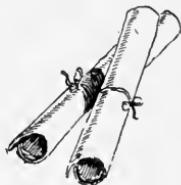
In th' ole time, w'en ma gret-grandfodder h'own th' Bank h'on Prairie Mamou, we di'n' ave th' sem kin' of Bank yo' got these day, biccause th' sem man he was President, Vice-President, Cashier an' h'ev'ything h'else comprise in one person, yes. At that time, w'en a man desire fo' lend hese'f cash, he did'n' ave fo' wait fo' meeting of w'at ees call Bo'de of Director, no, fo' permit those loan. No, seh, he jus' tek hees li'l basket of sweet potato or h'oyster by th' Bank, an' liv' them theh, an' they pay him hees two dollair an' a 'alf; th' nex' day, he pay back hees two dollair an' a 'alf, wit' two bit fo' h'intress, an' they geev back hees h'oyster or sweet potato, an' thass th' h'end of that transaction. He don' sign note, him, no—bot, today thass h'all change, yes. Yo' can't borrow monnais h'on crawfeesh no mo', neither h'oyster, or potato. Bot, ef yo' be fren' wit' th' President, yo' can borrow h'on mos' any-





OLD BANK ON ROYAL STREET

thing. In fac' thass th' diff'unce between Banker of th' old time an' Banker of this present time, lak yose'f, yes. In th' ole time, th' Banker nevair loan monnais h'on not'ing h'except he could see th' security; in th' present time, he nevair loan not'ing h'on security w'ich he can' see, him. F'om w'ich yo' perceive 'ow moch pleasua' it geev me fo' meet yo' an' hear yo' h'express yose'f h'on w'at yo' call th' modern method fo' conduct Bank, it, yes.



Now yo' will permit me to h'express to yo' w'at I h'experience in ma h'own fam'ly wit' that modern finance, it. Yo' know, mon oncle, he h'own those Cream Cheese Line—thass a ver' fine strit car line down town that comprise twenty mule' an' ten strit car—well, mon oncle, he die, an' w'en th' court h'open hees succession, ma tante, she biccome th' proprietaire of those r-railroad, her. Ma tante, she don' know moch 'ow to tek care of those mule, an' fo' that, she sell those car, an' those mule, an' those r-r-railroad, fo' fifteen t'ousand dollair cash, to a man f'om New York. That man he tek those thing to New York, an' theh he sell th' sem thing (w'at he buy f'om ma tante fo' fifteen t'ousand dollair) back to th' peep fo' one million, twenty-five t'ousand dollair cash, an' nine hundred an' seventy-five t'ousand dollair "Firs' Mortgage" preferred stock ordinary monnais cash bonds, w'at he float h'on th' public, him, yes. Nevair befo', ma fren', did I r-realize 'ow h'easy a man can mek monnais, an' afteh that, yo' h'ask me, w'at th' use of Saving Bank, them. They ees planty use, fo' ees th' Saving Bank w'at buy h'all those bond, an' ef they got no Saving Bank fo' buy those Bond, then those Promoter', they go'ne 'ave hard time mek millionaire of theyse'f, yes.



Ah, I agree wit' that man f'om th' Bowery, w'at talk befo' me, him, w'en he say, ef there ees one thing a man w'at ron a Bank hate, thass depositor w'at draw h'out hees monnais,

him. Thass th' kin' of Banker I would be mase'f—yes, wit' ma bank to 'ave h'only one side h'on th' ledger, it, yes.

An' as far as I can go, at th' sem time kip h'out of those calaboose, I am glad fo' h'encourage yo' in yo' pursuit, w'ich thass to get h'all th' cash other peep got, an' kip it. As fo' me, I ain' got no monnais at h'all, so th' Banker he got no use fo' me, no.

Bot, I listen at yo' talk an' som'thing yo' r-remark strike me ver' hard, yes. Fo' h'example, tek that thing w'at yo' call yo' preserve, or thass yo' r-reserve, maybe. Well, th' way that r-reserve h'operate, thass lak this, f'om w'at I hear to-day, me. Ma cousin in Opelous' tek hees cash h'out hees stocking, an' put that cash in th' Bank in Opelous', an' thass hees r-reserve, yes. Th' Opelous' Bank, they transfer that cash to th' Bank in Nouvelle Orleans—thass theh r-reserve. The' Bank in this Ceety transfer th' sem to th'



Bank in New York, an' thass theh r-reserve. The' Bank in New York, they transfer that r-reserve to le diable fo' h'all I know fo' thass th' h'end of

that r-reserve, fo', w'en ma

cousin want hees cash, he h'apply to th' Bank in Opelous' an' they sen' him to th' Bank in Nouvelle-Orleans: th' peep in th' Ceety refer him to New York, an', at th' las', w'en he h'apply to th' Bank in New York, they sen' him to le diable wit' what yo' call "due bill." Mon cousin, he lose hees temper, fo' w'ich yo' can't blame him, no, fo' w'en a man want hees r-reserve, an' in place th' cash yo' geev him "due bill," I lak fo' know w'at he go'ne do, eh?

As fo' me an' ma peep, th' h'only kin of Bank fo' us ees th' kin w'at got one li'l key, an' thass th' kin w'at h'always geev yo' yo' monnais back w'en yo' call fo' it, yes.

So, ma fren', th' way I look h'at this thing, it may not be th' sem way yo' perceive it, no, bot I assua' yo' we bot' got th' sem idea, bot som'time we don' h'express ou'se'f the sem'way us, no.

W'en I cas' ma h'eye h'on yo', I feel they ees not a man yeh bot w'at he would lak fo' lay hees han' on h'all th' monnais w'at ev'ry otheh man in this room he got, yes, an' put th' sem in hees Saving Bank wit'out ever permit him fo' draw it h'out, no.

So, I say, thass a good rule—fo' yose'f. Get h'all th' cash w'at b'long to other peep, an', ef yo' mek profit, thass yo' profit—bot, ef yo' mek loss, thass th' loss of th' man w'at geev yo' hees cash fo' kip.

Yo' buy th' Cream Cheese Line strit car fo' fifteen t'ous-and dollair an' yo' sell it to Saving Bank fo' ten million dollair an' yo' mek th' diff'unce; bot, ef th' Saving Bank fin' theyse'f in a loss, well, thass th' loss of those depositor, them, an' yo' close th' Bank, an' wind it op—an', nex' wik yo' start mo' bank, to buy mo' Cream Cheese Line, an' yo' don' lose not'ing, no.

I h'appreciate yo' maxim, which it say—"ef a man got monnais, yo' tek it h'away f'om him; an' ef we got monnais ouse'f, we must' kip it."

In conclusion, I vote fo' th' r-resolution w'ich h'all the Banker at this Convention say he go'ne subscribe. Thass to th' h'effec' to mek success of Bank—as far as Banker ees concern'—th' h'only kind of Bank, ees th' kind that ees lak th' mousetrap, w'at open h'only one way, yes.

JACK LAFAINCE.

THE FERRYBOAT MAN AND DANIEL WEBSTER— 1911.

M'sieu l'Editeur:

Ees fo' h'express mes sentiments h'on th' head of those h'Era Clob I write yo' this letter, me. Yo' publish in yo' pape' th' protes' of mon amis, le conseiller-blanchisseur of those Second Wa'd, to th' h'effect those h'Era Clob they h'annoy him by those new riquest that they mek at this time, yes. They want fo' rub h'out th' nem of that Judge Davey h'on that schoolhouse wheh those Clio car she ron, an' ripplace it by th' nem of Daniel Webster, him.

As fo' me, I mek it a r-rule of ma life nevair fo' h'annoy those Assessor Francais or those I'ish Councilmen, no. Th' sooner those suffragette' they discover this w'at I say me, th' sooner they go'ne find h'out they ain' got no pull wit' those Ceety Council, them, an' then they quit try fo' bost they head h'on those brick wall, yes.

Ma fren' w'at ron those ferryboat, he say ees no use fo' nem school h'after peep' w'at yo' nevair know. Those h'Era Clob, an' Mother Clob, an' those h'Educational Reliance, them, they got fo' on'stan' that la Nouvelle Orleans she nevair go'ne 'ave those school nem h'after peep' w'at ees not h'acquaint wit' this town, no.

Ef those Daniel Webster ees to be place h'on top those school, he go'ne find h'out, he got fo' form th' h'alliance politique wit' those ferryboat Councilman, yes, fo' he ees w'at yo' call ver' shy man, yes, an' he don' trust stranger, him, no.

Bot, mon cher editeur, th' r-reason I write yo' this lettre, ees fo' h'ask yo' fo' mek it plain to those peep' w'at ees not politician, that they 'ave no pull an' th' man w'at hol' those job in that Ceety Hall they ain' go'ne stand h'interference f'om those suffragette, them, no. An' as fo' that Daniel

Webster, ma cousin Laquieschoilla, he say to me—that Daniel Webster he don' cut no h'ice in th' Second Wa'd, him. In ma h'opinion, Martin Behrman ees wort' feefty Daniel Webster, yes, fo' one man w'at ees h'alive ees got mo' h'influence than h'all those w'at yo' call statesmen that Bob Broussard tell to me they ees got stand op in those beeg building in Washington, yes.

As mon amis, Victorine, he say h'also, th' h'only use those Ceety Council 'ave fo' dead man, ees fo' use theh nem h'on Registration List, yes, an' thass wheh yo' go'ne fine Daniel Webster next time yo' look fo' him, yes. At th' sem time, ees good thing fo' continue h'erase those ole nem f'om public buidling an' geev to them th' nem of those politician, yes, an' ees no use fo' stop th' good work h'at th' nem of Judge Davey, no. We got planty mo' good politician an' they go'ne swell wit' pride fo' see theh nem h'on top those new brick school, an' even h'on those ole Southern Athletic Clob w'at ees now use fo' les enfants f'om those écoles pobliques.

An' those lil' children f'om those public school they go'ne learn good lesson w'en those change ees made, yes. Those Daniel Webster an' those Henry Clay an' Franklin, an' h'all soch nem lak those statesman w'at ees not h'alive at this time, they don' teach those garcons h'anything about 'ow they go'ne cast theh vote, no, bot those Behrman an' Judge Davey, an' those Conseil de Ville—they ain' go'ne let grass grow h'under theh feet w'en it come fo' catch those vote, them, yes.

Th' bes' man ees not th' one w'at do som'thing fo' hees contry, no, bot th' one that see hees contry she do som'thing fo' him, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.

JACK LAFAIENCE TO VOTE FOR BEHRMAN—1912.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:

Aftek I pass by yo' 'ouse las' Sonday, at w'ich time we decide fo' geev' th' sopport of th' Famille Lafaience fo' ou' cousin, Charles Claiborne, fo' be maire of this town, him, I bin r-r-receive a lettre f'om Martin Behrman, w'ich twist ma h'eye in som' othe' direction, mon cher cousin.

Bot, w'en I rid th' lettre w'ich M'sieu Behrman sen' to me, an' compare w'at he wrote wit' w'at Charles Claiborne say in hees spich, ah mon cher cousin, they ees no otheh co'se lef' h'expect fo' crawfeesh those Good Gov'ment tickeet an' throw mase'f h'on th' breast of th' mos' perfect maire w'at ever earn hees sal'ry of thirty dollair th' day, him.

Yo' notice M'sieu Claiborne, he announce hees intention fo' put th' ceety of Nouvelle Orleans h'on th' cash basis, her, an' M'sieu Behrman, au contraire, he pledge hese'f, ef we h'elect him fo' be th' maire perpetual of this town, him, he nevair h'ask us to pay fo' not'ing, no' biccause he b'leev in purchase ever'thing h'on credit, him. He assua' me, in hees lettre, that not since he bin maire, he ever pay cash fo' h'anything fo' th' town, him. He say hees not built that way, him, no. He say, ef we h'examine hees record, we won't nevair fin' h'anything less than twenty-t'ree year credit, him. As fo' me, thass a thing fo' h'attract ma h'admiration. Thass th' kin' of man I lak, me; thass w'at yo' call statesman, yes.

Anybody can buy thing fo' cash, yes, but it tek smart man fo' buy goods h'on twenty t'ree year credit, mon cher cousin. An' w'en I rid th' statement w'ich M'sieu Behrman, he' h'enclose in hees lettre, it mek me swell wit' pride, yes, to see 'ow good he mek th' credit of la Nouvelle Orleans, her. Yes, mon cher Sylvestre, not since th' tim' those Rippiblican got

possession of those gov'ment, them, did we 'ave maire w'at so proficient wit' pawnbroken, no.

M'sieu Behrman, he show by th' book he spen' fo'teen million dollair more than he r-r-receive, him, an' he got contrac' sign fo' th' nex' fo' yea', fo' fo'teen million mo', yes, w'ich th' bank go'ne len' him (provide he kip th' sem h'on deposit wit'out he draw cheque, him), an' h'all he got fo' pay ees h'intress h'on th monnais we don' get, us.

Ah, thass a financier, that man, yes! Ees a wonder, him. Aladin wit' hees lamp, ees not in th' sem class, no, w'en it com' to r-r-raise th' wind. him! He say this in hees lettre—an' he prove it by figure. In th' h'eight yea' he construct thirty million dollair sew'age an' drainage, wit' water works h'on th' side, twenty h'eight mile Belt R-r-railroad, seven locomotive, thirty-two school house, ten police jail, seex public market, seexteen h'engine house, five bridge fo' th' ceety an' one fo' the Southern Pacific R-r-railroad, fo' hondred mile of copper wire fo' fire alarm, he pave ten t'ousand mile of strit wit' h'assistance of th' Barber h'Asfat Company—of w'ich th' prop'ty h'owner pay h'only fo' fift' th' cost—an' he say to me, he spen' one hundred an' seventy five t'ousand dollair fo' mek West h'End a dream of delight. H'on top th' whole thing, he say, in hees lettre, he nevair pay one cent cash fo' h'anything! An' he h'ask me, in that lettre—w'ich, by th' way, mon cher cousin, thass one th' bes lettre I ever rid, an' he mus' be fine scholair fo' write lak that, yes, Sylvestre,—he h'ask me straight this question: "When yo' fin' a chance fo' borrow monnais wit' w'ich to 'ave good tim', an' h'all yo' got fo' do ees pledge yo' revenue fo' ten, twelve year, are yo' foolish? Not moch! Yo' spen' yo' monnas w'ile yo' yong, an' enjoy yo'se'f, an' w'en yo' too h'old fo' h'Enjoy yose'f, yo' won't got no desire fo' kip th' monnais yo' neglec' to save h'up in th' bank."

So, Mon Cher Sylvestre, I r-r-riggret ver' moch I am force to cas' ma vote fo' the other side f'om Charles Claiborne, me. Bot, w'en a man promise yo' that, ef yo' permit him fo' continue lak he pass, th' time go'ne come w'en we don' got

to pay no tax—h'except ten t'ousand dollair h'each year fo' hees casuel, him (an' fo' that, ees cheap at th' price, him, biccause ev'rything he buy he pay by twenty-t'ree year note) I can't r-riffuse good thing lak that, me.

Thass hees plat'f'om, that man Behrman—use th' tax fo' pay hees sal'ry, an' a few mo' fo' lagniappe lak that, an' fo' h'ev'rything h'else, yo' tell th' man, "Chalk it h'on th' slate"—an' h'afteh w'ile th' day com' w'en we don' got to pay not'ing but h'intress h'on w'at we owe, us.

Fo' conclusion, fo' show that man Martin, he mek proper provision fo' w'at go'ne be th' natural result of w'at he do, him, he h'insert in hees lett're these h'expression:

"Was th' building of th' splendidly h'appointed insane asylum a mistak'? Go see fo' convince yose'f."

Ah, mon cher Sylvestre, thass th' coup-de-grace of a Napoleon, yes. By th' time we h'elect him fo' fo' year' mo', us we go'ne need the service of that h'insane asylum, w'ich he so thoughtful fo' provide, him, it, yes!

JACK LAFAIENCE.



JACK LAFAIENCE ON INHERITANCE TAXING—1912.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

Ees not fo' spik about those Suspicion Form of Gov'ment I go'ne write yo' this day, no; thass go'ne wait ontil we fin' h'out weh M'sieu Le Maire he go'ne buy those new shirt front w'at go'ne be put h'on those baton by w'ich he go'ne surround hese'f w'en th' time com' fo' h'appear in those h'election w'at go'ne be finance by ma fren' Harold, yes.

No, Sylvestre, ees not fo' that I spik w'at I spik to-day, no. Ees ma intention at present fo' h'open yo' h'eye at w'at those Lutherhall designate by th' Inheritance Tax, bot w'ich h'instead ees w'at I call those Inhesitant Tax, me, biccause it don' hesitate fo' tek h'away f'om yo' an' me, h'all w'at ou' fodder an' ou' gran'fodder work fo' geev to us, yes.

Yo' notice, mon cher Sylvestre, thass a ver' sharp tax, it, yes, an' it lak th' crevasse h'on th' Mississippi River, it; it don' pass by not'ing w'at 'it don' tek away, it, no. In th' firs' place, nobody can't die befo' he mus' geev thirty per cent of hees succession to Lutherhall, yes, in th' case he got no relation, bot, ef he got relation, then, in that case, Lutherhall, he discount hees donation five per cent fo' cash, him.

An' ef yo' wife 'ave th' misfortune fo' leev' h'after yo' die, mon' cher cousin, an' yo' bin so rich yo' pass to her mo' than five t'ousand dollair, then, in that case, Lutherhall, he h'only tak h'eight per cent h'out w'at she get, her.

Th' sem thing pass h'all through th' line, yes, h'except ef yo' desire fo' kip th' finger of Lutherhall h'out yo' succession, that law permit yo' fo' divide yo' h'estate in share' of one hundred dollair h'each, an' yo' leev one share to h'each of yo' fre n', in w'ich case, they don' pay no tax, them, biccause those gov'ment theh h'eye too big fo' see so small, them.

An' ef yo' try be lak John McDonogh, or M'sieu Delgado, an' geev mo' than one half yo' property to la charité, those

law she discourage that, her, biccause she say, nobody mus' geev' h'away mo' than one half w'at he got, him. Ef he do that, Lutherall, he go'ne h'extract sexteen per cent h'out that charité befo' he go'n let go, him, to rebuke that generosité, yes.

An' they got one funny section in that law, Sylvestre, w'ich mek me ver' moch h'oppose to those kin' of thing, me. Thass this: Ef those section become law, yo' can't geev yo' property h'away w'ile yo' leev, no. Th' h'only way yo' can divest yose'f of yo' property, ees fo' use it fo' pay yo' taxes, yes, or mek contribution to campaign fund, it. Those law, she say h'ever time yo' put five cent in those church box, an' h'ever time yo' geev yo' li'l boy one nickel fo' buy praline, yo' mos' write that down in yo' book, an' h'at th' h'end of five year, yo' mek a resumé of those donation, an' h'on th' sem, yo' disgorge to Lutherhall twelve per cent. Ef yo' r-riffuse to pay, then those gouverneur h'attach hees stomach pomp to yo' garcon, an' confiscate those praline, him, yes.

I say to yo', mon cher Sylvestre, w'en I r-rid those law, I b'leev' those ole time w'en king an' emperor, an' h'all th' res' of those gret man w'at th' schoolbook of mon petit garcon teach they was tyrant fo' tek h'away f'om peep' h'all th' property w'ich they h'accumulate—yes, mon cher cousin, I biggin to think that those hist'ry she rippeat herse'f se'ral time, yes. An' as fo' me, I don' see w'at dif'runce it mek in th' h'end w'en they tek f'om me th' h'estate of ma fodder, ef it be steal by burglar, or, ef it be h'appropriate by th' State of Louisiana, it, no.

I assua' yo' in those h'lection, mon cher Sylvestre, I don' lak that nem Luther, me, no, an' I don' lak those kin' of reformation w'at mek me work fo' otheh peep. Sylvestre, ef those man Hall, he persis' in hees design fo' pass those Inhesitant Tax, him, he go'ne fin' peep go'ne change hees name an' call him Looter, yes—w'ich they think proper h'appellation fo' man w'at h'advocate soch law. We go'ne show him by ou' vote, w'en we got property, we go'ne do w'at we lak wit' that property, law or no law.

JACK LAFAIENCE.

PHILOSOPHY OF JACK LAFAIENCE ON THE RACES —1914.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:

Yo' 'ave notice those lett're w'at was writ by those Time-Picayune an' sign wit' th' nem of M'sieu Robertson, eh? In that lett're f'om th' peep', he say, he has hees opinion of la Nouvelle Orleans an' la prosperité, yes. He say, we ees not built fo' th' purpose of mek monnais, bot we ees built fo' th' purpose of Mardi Gras an' Race Track, yes, an' 'ave h'all th' fon we can, yes, biccause those United State' r-recognize that fact w'en she close those mint an' transfer those navy yard. Fo' w'at yo' think we burn op those steamboat an' bost op those cotton mill, ef ees not fo' show th' peep' of this contry we can do ver' well widout those kind of thing, eh?

At one time, I was fear, we was go'ne be w'at yo' call beeg bus'ness center, wit' Regional Bank an' branch h'in Opelous', an' Pointe Coupée, an' h'even in Thibodaux, yes. Bot now, thass h'all change an' we show those gov'ment an' those peep' at large, this ees not th' place fo' those kind of thing, no. H'even M'sieu Kaufman he r-realize w'at I say, me, fo' he tek those h'exposition an' beeg check in hees pocket an' he celebrate ou' disappointment h'on that sobject, him, som'time ago, yes.

Th' sooner we find h'out w'at ees th' purpose of this town, it, th' sooner we go'ne geev op those h'idea about bank an' h'exposition, an' steamboat line lak we 'ave befo' that wah, yes. An' then we will on'stand' we don' want those slow method fo' mek millionaire' of ou'se'f, no, an' we will 'ave r-recourse to those get rich quick method by w'ich we h'extract those pocketbook f'om those idle rich w'at come yeh fo' Carnival an' th' racing season, yes.

Ah, mon cher Sylvestre, we 'ave nevair bin so happy since th' time of that Louisiana Lottery, fo' now we 'ave one plan

fo' show those Uncle Sam an' canaille I'ish Judge an' ceetizen w'at close op ou' lottery, we h'already got those race-track an' those bookies, an' they ees mos' h'as good h'as those lottery, it, yes. An' that Federal gov'ment can't touch that, no—that State line ees w'at yo' call one Chinese Wall an' we stan' behind that wit' ou' chil'ren an' feel safe. We can look forward wit' pride to those jockey an' 'ave th' h'ambition fo' ou' garcons to ride those fast horse h'on that race track, it.

Yo' didn' see that parade las' h'evening, Sylvestre, no? Thass one sight w'at yo' miss fo' those parade was w'at yo' call grand success, yes, wit beeg merchant h'at th' head an' those band w'at play th' tune "we gon'ne 'ave hot time h'in those ole town tonight, yes." Thass th' way we show ou' contempt fo' peep' w'at ain' got no mo' sense than fo' mix theh religion wit' bus'ness h'idea, yes. W'en I refer to those merchant, I don' mean peep' w'at h'own dry good store, an' factory, an' lumberyard, no—I refer to those r-real bus'ness concern w'at mek ou' ceety rich, yes. I mean those twenty brewery an' those two thousan' bar-room, compare wit' w'ich h'all other bus'ness it fade h'into zero, yes. As fo' me, I 'ave long h'ago decide one brewery ees wort' a douzaine dry-good store, an' one saloon help mo' peep' fo' spend theh monnais than ten factory.

Those Pari-Mutuel ees w'at ma fren' Cor'gan an' M'sieu Hylan' call th' best spender of h'all, yes. It ees th' racing book of this day, yes, w'at ees silent an' sure, wit' no h'expens', no clerk, no w'at yo' call competition h'on th' part of those book-makers, an' wit' th' state of Louisiana fo' stand op h'as th' h'owner of those book, yes. Ef we h'only use this method to th' limit, in no time we go'ne outstrip those slow state w'at h'object to those kind of thing, them, yes. We go'ne show those peep' w'at those Reinhardt Bill it mean, fo' those state of Louisiana she go'ne h'assume th' responsibilité, yes, an' she go'ne ron those race horse jus' lak she ron those lottery, her. We go'ne mek one grand Monte Carlo of la Louisiane, wit' th' flag of th' pelican

h'over th' betting ring an' th' gouverneur fo' ron that wheel of fortune, him.

Me, I b'leev Bienville, he 'ave th' h'intention fo' h'establish som'thing lak this h'even w'en he start this ceety, him, yes. I b'leev he don' lak r-railroad an' factory, no, bot, lak me, he prefer those get rich quick method. If we succeed h'in mek one Monte Carlo of this town jus' lak we 'ave h'in th' time of Ruffignac befo' th' wah, we ees got fo' tek this h'opportunity—ma fren' Jules, he say—we mus' burn th' blacksmith w'ile th' horseshoe ees hot, yes. W'ile we 'ave beeg man an' saloon keeper fo' hol' the check book, we go'ne bost this town wide h'open, ef we h'even got fo' lock those h'attorney general in those police jail fo' contempt of court, him, yes. I say—a bas les lois an' vive le Pari-Mutuel. If we succeed h'in place those Pari-Mutuel h'on top those law, them, yes, then we go'ne see th' day w'en we will 'ave no mo' use fo' those h'expression w'at spik h'about those daily bread an' th' sweat of ou' brow, it no.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



THE PROPOSED WEST END BOULEVARD—1914.

M'sieu l'Editeur:—

Ees fo' mek ma protest h'on th' head of those Pontchartrain Boulevard I write yo' this lett're, me, yes.

I bin rid in yo' gazette som' man f'om New York he pass hese'f by th' side of those lake, him an' he mek proposition fo' build beeg fence h'all 'round th' shore of those lake, her, an' kip th' water h'off th' land, it. At th' sem time, he propose fo' build one asphalt strit h'on top those fence fo' permit those strit Commissioner h'exercise hees h'automobile law, him, wid'out nécessité fo' use those gasoline police, them, no.

Now, ees ma h'opinion we got h'enough w'at yo' call le progres, it, wid'out h'embarrass th' water of Lake Pontchartrain. Fo' tree hondred yea' we bin see those lake pass herse'f h'on th' land h'ever time she 'ave th' h'occasion, her, an' ees ma b'lief, thass bad thing fo' mek change, me.

Fo' w'at we got that Lake Pontchartrain by th' side of this town, yes, ef we go'ne mek it h'impossible fo' th' Jackson r-r-Railroad fo' be h'overflow w'en th' high water com', I lak fo' know, me?

An' weh we go'ne feesh fo' crawfeesh, ef we got no mo' swamp? Nevair, mon amis, will I consent fo' h'abolish those marais, no seh, fo' ef we do that, this ees go'ne be one dif'ent town, yes.

W'at kind of place this ceety go'ne be ef we got no swamp la bas, I h'ask yo', me? Thass one mo' plot h'on th' part of those Yankee land h'owner fo' sell theh land, an' by that way kill h'all those h'alligator, an' those mink—an' h'even th' moss, too, it go'ne die h'out. W'at we go'ne do fo' mattress ef we got no moss, an' 'ow we go'ne slip at night ef we got no mattress, eh? Yo' think I go'ne stay 'wake fo'ever, me, jos so those Yankee be permit fo' drain th' land, an' those cypriere swamp? No, seh, they too moch peep awake h'al-

ready fo' Jack Lafaience an' hees familie, an' fo' that r-reason, we go'ne h'oppose that boulevard, us, yes. An w'en th' familie Lafaience h'object, yo' fin' h'out we got som' h'influence, us, particular w'en it com' to those swamp, them. Now, yo' tell those peep stop they talk, or they see som'ting they don' lak h'on this subject, it, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN

COMMISSIONER LAFAYE MAROONED BY HURRICANE OF 1915.

(From *Times-Picayune*.)

"Commissioner Lafaye has been marooned for ten days in his home at Gentilly Terrace. The Commissioner was at the City Hall until about 9 o'clock Wednesday night, but managed to reach his home, though his automobile was put out of service by the storm. Since then, he has been water-bound, and unable to get to his office."

M'sieu l'Editeur:—

W'en I rid this notice in yo' pape', I cannot r-resist mek ma protes' at th' discrimination, h'on th' part of those Ceety h'administration, it, at th' head of th' Creole him, yes.

Yo' see 'ow they sen' police h'automobile fo' tek those Harold Newman by hees h'office, an fo' ride him 'round th' town, eh? An' those Dock Bo'ad, they put theh tugboat in service fo' transport M'sieu le Maire this side of those r-river f'om h'Algiers. H'all th' res' of those Ceety Hall peep, they got h'automobile, an' theh voiture, an' theh steam launch, fo' mek theh job h'attractive, them.

Bot, w'en it com' to th' h'only Creole department of those Municipalité, it—w'ich thass ou' Commissionnaire of those striit an' garbage cart, yes—w'at they do fo' him, I lak fo' know, me? Yes, thass w'at I h'ask, w'at they do fo' ou' cousin Edouard, him, in hees h'extremité?

Yo' know w'at they do, M'sieu l'Editeur? They stop hees striit car, they shot off hees gas, they disconnec' hees telephone, an' fo'ce him fo' sit h'on top hees 'ouse an' float those flag of distress, at w'ich they tek no notice, them.

Biccause he can't proceed f'om hees front step to those banquette wid'out mek hees foot wet, he got fo' stay 'ome 'an be deprive of th' pleasua' of see w'at that hurricane she do to hees department, it, yes.



CITY PARK

An' they don' h'even sen' hees h'own dumpcart fo' r-relieve hees distress, no. So, fo' tree, fo' day, he sit h'on top hees 'ouse, an' nobody w'at pass hees h'office in that Ceety Hall 'ave perceive hees not h'on th' job, fo' th' firs' time since he h'annex that job, yes.

They better sen' one of those municipal r-repair wagon fo' fin' him an' restore him w'eh he b'long, biccause I am convince those r-railroad company stop theh car h'on purpose fo' kip him w'at yo' call maroon. They b'liev ef they kip him f'om chance fo' talk to som'body fo' t'ree day, he go'ne kill hese'f, an' thass go'ne be beeg thing fo' them, yes, wit' theh fo'teen cent kileywat, them.

Bot they go'ne be disappoint, biccause now yo' got notice in th' pape' weh we can fin' him, me an' ma' cousin Sylvestre, we go'ne tek ou' pirogue by those Gentilly Morass, us, an' we go'ne rescue him, an' land him h'on th' step those Ceety Hall Monday morning, yes.

Yo' can't drown Creole by surround him wit' water, no. Jus' lak those crawfeesh, they know 'ow to tek care theyse'f w'en th' water r-r-rise op high, it, them, yes.

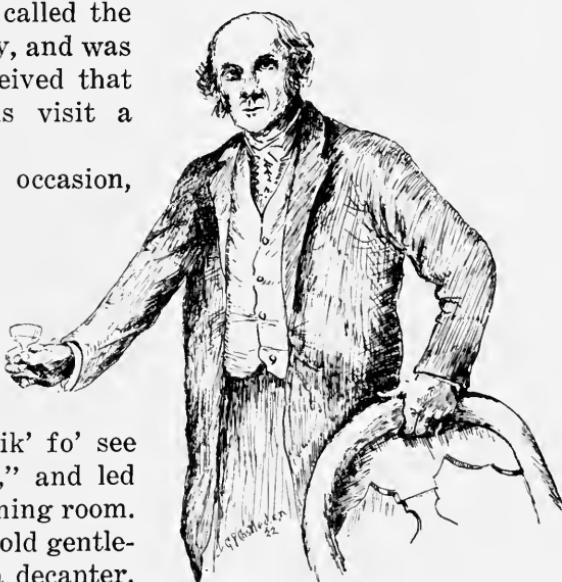
JACK LAFAIENCE.



THE CREOLE COURTSHIP.

Jack met the beautiful Mélanie at a "Soiree Dansante" en Rue Bons Enfants. Being a first class dancer, he was her partner for many figures and, by judicious use of ice cream and cake, he gained the good graces of Mélanie's Mama, and was invited to call, which he did the next Sunday. He was so well treated that he called the following Sunday, and was so cordially received that he repeated his visit a third time.

On the last occasion, Mélanie's Papa appeared upon the scene, tapped Jack upon the shoulder and said : "M'sieu Lafaience, I would lik' fo' see yo' one minute," and led Jack into the dining room. Once there, the old gentleman produced a decanter. "Mon ami, tek som' Cognac, yo' will fin' that ver' fine, ma fodder bought hi't f'om Cavaroc; tek cigar—thass a real Havana, sua'. Eh, bien, M'iseu Lafaience, yo' lik' fo' know fo' w'at I want see yo'? I 'ave notice yo' h'attention at ma daughter." Here Jack protested. "Oh, I am not at h'all displeas', ma de' yo'ng man. Ma fam'ly, seh, ees one of th' bes' in th' ceety. Yes, seh, we are twenty-firs' cousin wit' Jean Marie Baptiste St. Louis de Lorme, whose gran'fodder slap that Spanish



canaille O'Reilly h'on th' chic, yes, as yo' will fin' writ' down by Gayarré. Bot, w'en those Yankee r-rascal com' yeh an' tek ou' plantation an' ou' niggro, seh, we was force to leave ou' place to com' at Nouvelle Orleans an' work, yes, an' work. So, ma de' fren', I am not at h'all displeas', w'en a yo'ng man lik' yo' mek love to ma daughter."

Jack broke in and said: "But, sir, you are mistaken. I didn't make love to your daughter." "Yo' din mek love to ma daughter? Yo' 'ave visit Mélanie Sonday after Sonday, yo' 'ave dance wit' her, sing wit' her, talk wit' her—yo' 'ave compromise ma daughter, seh. They ees no other co'se lef' a man of honor, seh', than to ma'y her, yes, sir, to ma'y her." "But, sir," blurted out Jack, "I could

not support a wife even if I wanted one; I am only getting forty dollars a month." "Ah, mon cher Jack, thass h'all right—th' monnais ees not'ing, yo' don' catch moch, thass true, bot fo' that I don't keh, me. Yo' can com' leev yeh, yes, then after w'ile, w'en yo' patron get fo' lik' yo' mo' an geev yo' r-raise to seventy-fi' dollair we will do ver' well,

Ah, mon cher Jack, yo' don'

yes. So thass h'all fix, eh? know w'at it ees to be a fodder, I suppose? Eh? Then, yo' can nevair on'stan 'ow pleas' I feel, w'en a yo'ng man lak' yo, h'ask me fo' ma daughter. An' yo' din tek me by surprise, no. A fodder can tell w'en hees daughter she love a yo'ng man; an' Mélanie, she lov' yo', she dream of yo' h'all night, yes. An', seh, w'en a Saint Louis de Lorme lov', she lik' th' pelican, she nevair let go, no seh, she die firs'. Now, thass h'all right? I will see Père le Curé an' we will mek th' announcement nex' Sonday. Yo' can get one li'l ring, yes, an' Mélanie will be ready fo' nex' mont'. I know yo' don' want fo' wait long. Allons, le's go to th' salon an' I will tell to Mélanie I 'ave accede to yo' deman'.



WOODROW WILSON TIME—1918.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

‘Ow yo’ lak those new Woodrow Wilson time, it, yes? By w’ich yo’ get op befo’ yo’ go to bed, an’ yo’ wake op befo’ yo’ go to slip.

Ah, mon cher Sylvestre, thass a smart man, that Pres’-
dent Wilson, him, fo’ do a thing lak that, yes.

As fo’ me, I don’ look at those clock no mo’, me, wit’out
I remind mase’f w’at Père le Curé, he say to me, him, w’en
I study those catechism, me, w’ich those menteur can’t kip
th’ truth h’on ees face w’en yo’ look him h’in th’ h’eye, no.
Thass w’at I perceive, me, ever’ time I see those clock, her,
w’ich she nevair tell th’ truth no mo’, her.

Alphonse, he say to me, we mek two hour’ ever’ day by
that regulaton, us, w’ich he h’explain by say, that w’en we
get op we fool ouse’f by b’leev’ ees seex o’clock, w’en ees
h’only five, an’ thass one hour we pick op; an’, w’en we go
coucher at ’alf past h’eight in th’ night, ees h’only ’alf past
seven, an’ thass one mo’ hour we catch, w’ich mek op th’
two, yes’.

As fo’ me, I can’t on’stan’ ‘ou that be, no, bot it mus’ be
lak that, yes, or those bêtes Americains, they would not
h’adopt those rule, them.

An’ Anool, w’ich hees fils in those High School, he say
those Professeur Garfield, w’ich ees th’ man those Pres’-
dent Wilson select fo’ th’ job of kip peep warm in th’ winter, an’
cool in th’ summer, he say, that wise man, he devise method
fo’ do those thing’ wit’out cost, him. Th’ way he go’ne do
ees this, yes,—he go’ne slip those glass op h’on those ther-
mometer ten degree, her, an’ w’en she freeze, she go’ne
show ees summer tim’ yet, an’ w’en yo’ think th’ sun ees hot
sufficient fo’ melt th’ striit, yes, those thermometer, she
go’ne certify ees so cold yo’ got fo’ wear yo’ h’overcoat, yes.

Ah, mon cher cousin, bot thass a gret thing fo' th' contrry fo' h'enact those Christian Science h'into th' law, yes, fo' by that yo' can mek yo'se'f b'leev mos' h'anything th' law say yo' got fo' b'leev, yes.

Already we got Johnparker—w'ich ees th' man w'at fool us wit' Luther Hall befo' th' wah, yes—we got Johnparker w'at he bin delegate by Pres'dent Wilson fo' convince us th' less we h'eat th' mo' we chew, yes, an' th' mo' chalk we mix in ou' bread, th' mo' flour we don' consume, us, yes. Thass 'ow he preach those Christian Science into th' law, him, yes.

An' we got those I'ishman, O'Kelly, fo' mek us perceive th' bes' way fo' kip ou' house warm ees fo' not light any fire, an' th' bes' way fo' kip th' strit car comp'ny f'om lose monnais, ees fo' ron less car, an' mek mo' peep' walk, yes—an' planty mo' thing lak that, mon cher cousin, w'ich I assua yo' I biggin fo' think th' age of miracle, she didn' die wit' Jeanne d'Arc, no.

An' ou' beau-fere, Louis, w'at kip th' grocerie by those French Market, he say he go'ne tek th' h'example by those precept, him, by mark hees h'eight h'ounce weight one pound, yes, an' hees 'alf gallon can fo' quart, yes, fo' persuade hees customer he can sell them groceries at th' sem old price an' not lose hees profit, him, no.

I say to yo', Sylvestre, this ver' strange time, yes, an' I rub ma h'eye an h'ask mase'f ef I am Jack Lafaience, or ef I som'body h'else, me. Biccause, w'en I see w'at I see ees not th' thing I see, bot ees som'ting else w'at I don' see, it mek me b'leev I slip an' dream, yes, an' w'en I wake op I will discover I ain' never bin in bed at h'all, no.

JACK LAFAIENCE.

LONG POLE NEEDED TO REACH CAR COMPANY—
1918.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

I pass by those Court las' Friday, fo' see th' way those strit car peep poke they finger h'in th' h'eye of those Labor Union, them' w'at got th' h'impression those r-r-railroad got no right fo' charge them seex cent' fo' stan' h'op h'on th' back platform in they strit car, them.

An' I say yo' may think biccause those vaudeville, an' those moving picture' they fin' theyse'f close by those docteur Dowling, them, they ees no place fo' go' fo' mek yo'se'f h'amuse, no,—bot I assua' yo', thass beeg mistek h'on yo' part fo' think lak that, yes, mon cher cousin.

Ef yo' pass yo'se'f by those Court Civile, it, an' perceive th' way those avocat fo' those strit car, they pass they thomb h'on front they nose at those Labor Union, them, yo' will h'agree wit' me h'all th' beeg h'actor didn't die wit' Coquelin, no.

Ah, mon cher Sylvestre, it mek me laugh lak I go'ne bost ma rib, me, fo' yeh th' way those r-r-railroad lawyer fill hees h'eye wit' tear', lak crocodile w'en he sick, him, w'en he h'acknowledge to those Judge he don' know not'ing h'about weh hees client, he kip w'at yo call those franchise, it, no.

He say to those Judge—an' w'en he spik th' word, he roll hees h'eye an' twis' hees tongue in th' side hees cheek, yes, —an' he protest, parole d'honneur, he can't fin' those franchise in h'any place weh he look, him. He 'fraid those franchise, they mus' be lock up in som' Bank in New York, yes, weh they bin place since long time befo' those wah, by M'sieu Pearson, fo' sécurité fo' som' loan that man borrow w'en he h'own that strit car, him, yes.

An' Gouverneur Hall, he soggest, maybe they fin' those franchise in those water-cooler ef they lif' th' lid' yes, an'

M'sieu l'avocat des electriques, he push h'out hees ches', an' he say to Gouverneur Hall—thass a h'insolt fo' mention h'anything lak water in th' same word wit' r-r-railroad franchise, him, an' he h'almost mek me b'leev he think w'at he say, those avocat, he so sincere in hees voice w'en he mek those remark, him.

An' th' way those avocat, he shed tear' at that time, it h'affec' those Judge so much, yes, he move wit' sympathie, him, yes, an' he say to Govourneur Hall it would break hees heart fo' fo'ce those poor r-r-railroad fo' produce those franchise w'at they don' know weh she ees, her, no; an' w'at th' use fo' mek h'all this trouble fo' one li'l copper cent, it? Bisside, as those M'sieu Dufou' remark, maybe they don' got no franchise h'afteh h'all, no! In that case, ef no franchise h'exist, 'ow th' r-r-railroad go'ne produce som'thing w'en they got not'ing fo' produce, eh?

An' those Judge, he say to Gouverneur Hall, ef yo' want fin' those franchise, yo' go fin' him yose'f, yes, an' perhapp', ef yo' h'advertise h'in th' pape', an' h'offer reward wit' no question h'ask, th' man w'at peek it op in th' Rampart car, he will r-return it to yo' h'office, yes.

An' wit' that, he lead those Labor Union by th' front door, an' befo' they know w'at happen, they fin' theyse'f sit down h'on th' banquette, them, wit' pain in theh head.

I say to yo', mon Cher Sylvestre, ees ma h'opinion, those Gouverneur Hall, befo' he complete wit' that case, he go'ne fin' h'out it tek mighty long pole fo' poke th' h'nside of that New Orleans ceety r-railroad, it, yes. In fac', fo' r-reach w'at he want to r-reach, that pole got fo' stretch f'om Baronne Strit in la N'lle Orleans so far as Wall Strit in New York, yes.

An' h'even then, mon cousin, those pole got fo' 'ave som' mighty crooked curve, it, fo' follow th' stret line, yes.

JACK LAFAIENCE.

NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MOTORMEN AND MILLIONAIRES—1920.

Mon Cher Sylvestre:—

W'at yo' think of those Napoleon of Strit car, M'sieu' h'O'keef, an' th' way he go'ne h'assist those motorman fo' purchase silk shirt, them, by th' douzaine, eh?

Me' I was at those meeting in those United State Court, it, yes, an' I assua' yo' th' thing he say, it sopprise ou' cousin Mephistophele, w'at he r'represent those Division 194, it,—thass th' one that h'own th' strit car, yes.

Ah' mon cher Sylvestre, bot thass a smart man, that man h'O'keef, him, w'en he r-retain that Creole avocat fo' lend him hees brain. Yo' notice 'ow he present hees case to those motorman, him, by which he soggest to them fo' combine wit' him fo' r-relieve those common peep' of they cash, by r-raise those carfare to seven cent, fo' start, an' then som' mo' fo' finish, an' th' proceed' they divide h'among theyse'f, them, yes.

Me' I bin told by ou' cousin, Gaspar Cusachs, w'at kip track of h'ever'body' gran'fodder, as write down in those Historical Society Record, it,—I bin told by Gaspar, that man h'O'keef an an' M'sieu Rockefeller, they both descen' theyse'f h'on one side f'om Lafitte, an' h'on th' h'other f'om Capiten Kidd. That mean they fir's cousin wit' h'each other, them, w'en it come fo' devise method of mek som'body h'else pay th' bill, yes.

H'as fo' Mephistophele, he say to me, he hear M'sieu' h'O'keef go'ne show th' Union 'ow h'easy it go'ne be fo' r-raise they pay f'om thirty-five cent th' hour to forty cent a minute, wit' double pay fo' overtime, an' h'all time bit-tween 5 o'clock Monday morning to midnight Saturday be class as h'overtime, wit' fo' day pay fo' Sunday. Ah, mon cher Sylvestre, w'en M'sieu h'O'keef he do that simply by

r-raise th' fare to 7 cent, wit' double charge fo' transfer—w'en he show th' simplicité of th' thing, him, Mephistophele he rub hees h'eye an' wonder why som'body didn' think of those design two year h'ago, him.

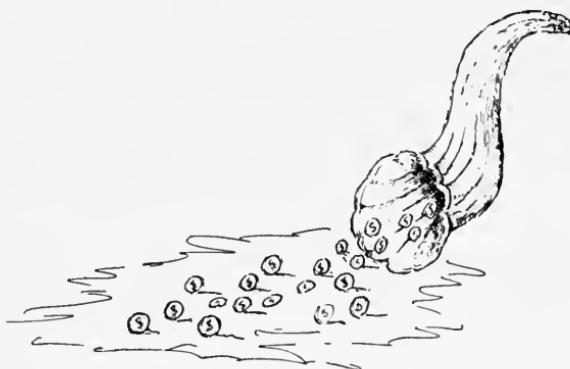
An' we go'ne h'accept those h'offer, us, provide they date those r-raise back two year, yes, an' geev us ou' back pay befo' we sign those new contract, us.

H'as fo' me, I h'agree wit' M'sieu h'O'keef, ees th' peep' w'at use th' strit car mus' pay th' price fo' sopport those strit car, them. An', mo' yet, we go'ne put in those contract provision to th' h'effec' that ev'rbody mus' ride in those strit car at leas' two trip h'each day yes, wit' penalty of be place in contemp' of court, wit' feefty dollair fine, ef they r-rif-fuse, them.

Then, mon cher Sylvestre, wit' M'sieu h'O'keef fo' mek the' rate, an' those United State Court fo' produce th' patronage, yes, we go'ne see th' day w'en la Nouvelle Orleans peep they go'ne fin' no diffe'nce bittween motorman an' millionaire, yes.

Yo' com' at those Ceety Hall nex' Friday, an' yo' go'ne see som'thin' yo' nevair h'exec', not since Dominique You pass round th' hat—thass w'at I say, me.

JACK LAFAIENCE.



RECONSTRUCTION OF MOBILE RAILROAD—1920.

M'sieu l'Editeur:

H'on th' part of th' famille Lafaience, I h'ask yo' fo' protes' agains' those peep w'ich they desire fo' reconstruct those Mobile r-r-railroad, it, yes, by th' way they h'organize clob fo' fo'ce those r-railroad fo' produce new car, an' construct new bridge by those Rigolets them. Ah, mon cher M'sieu l'Editeur, thass a desecration of th' mem'ry of Charlie Marshall, yes, fo' ripplace those bridge, weh, fo' fefty yea' me an' ma cousin, we pass ou'se'f ever' Saturday h'afternoon fo' h'entice crab an' fling cas'net an' catch mullet fo' feed ou' fam'ly, us.

Those bêtes Americains, they desire fo' h'eliminate those ole post w'ich compose those bridge since th' time of ou' gran'fodder, an' mek new bridge of steel, h'on w'ich yo' can nevair sit yo'se'f down fo' feesh wid'out yo' catch th' rheumatism in yo' back, yes.

An' mo' worse yet, ma deh seh, they propose, those bétise r-railroad, them, fo' relegate those comfortable train car, in which we repose ou'se'f h'on voyage, an' ripplace them wit' car w'ich they call moderne, them. Now, thass a h'outrage, yes, biccause me an' ma famille, we bin so use to those car' us, since we bin enfants, that th' hole in th' seat fit us jus' lak ou' pantalons, it, yes. An' fo' why that change, eh?

Th' nex' thing yo' know, they will riffuse permission fo' tek ou' dog in th' passenger car, him, an' maybe h'ven compel us fo' stop spit h'on th' floor, yes.

An' what they go'ne do wit' th' car of th' Pontchartrain R-r-railroad w'at ron by Milneburg, when those car she decay, her, ef they got no coast train at w'ich to transfer those ole car, them, I lak fo' know, me?

I say to yo', M'sieu l'Editeur, ees time fo' stop h'all this foolishness h'about modernize ou' town, it, yes, an' right by



GAS LIGHTER

th' Mobile r-r-railroad ess th' place fo' mek th' fight, yes.

Ef we permit those Mobile r-railroad fo' be w'at yo' call modernize, thass th' coup-de-grace of l'ancien régime, it, because th' Mobile r-railroad, thass th' h'only thing we got lef' w'at she ees th' sem thing she was in th' ole day befo' th' wah, it, yes. Me, I r-remember w'en ma granfodder, he point me those locomotive h'on those coast train w'en I was h'at those Jefferson College fo' seex month', yes, an' he say to me—"mon fils, thass th' finest machine ever bin construct, her, yes"; me, I perceive those sem locomotive she still pull those ole car today, jus' lak she do feefty year ago, her, an' it would mek me desolé in th' heart fo' see those change, it, them, yes.

Ah, ef ou' fren', Charlie Marshall, would still be th' proprietaire of those r-railroad, he would nevair mek change lak that, no!

Consequent' mon ami, I r-request of yo' to use yo' h'influence wit' those r-r-Railroad Commission fo' see that those ancien relique, w'ich they compose th' coast train, they continue to perpetuate th' glory of th' good ole time, yes! Ef those peep w'at prefer new car, an' those new locomotive, an' h'electric light, an' spittoon in coach an' h'all th' res' of w'at yo' call h'improvement, I say, ef they persist in those design, them, we will riccall Charlie Marshall him, an' once mo' geev him charge of those r-railroad. Ma foi! bot he will show to them again, lak he show befo', that th' ol'er a thing ees, th' better it work, yes, an' thass no joke, no.

JACK LAFAIENCE.

JAMES J. McLOUGHLIN

This sketch will trace briefly the life and character of the author of "The Jack Lafaience Book." For over thirty years, Mr. McLoughlin wrote for the local press and established a statewide reputation by his wit and humor, under the nom de plume of Jack Lafaience. He was born in New Orleans, February 2nd, 1860, of Irish parents, from whom he seemed to inherit a wealth of Celtic spirit, which from earliest days, attracted all classes to him. At the age of eleven he was ready for High School and before his fourteenth year he wrote poems that were given prominence in the papers, the New Orleans Bulletin publishing two poems that were inspired by the stirring events of Reconstruction days. Comment was made that "the poems were from a New Orleans lad, giving evidence of remarkable poetical talent and instinct with patriotic fervor." "Louisiana" and "Redeemed" were the titles, the last of which is here reprinted from an old copy of the Bulletin of November 30th, 1874.

Redeemed! The word is echoed,
By youth and grey-haired age!
Once more our state shines brightly,
On history's truthful page.

Redeemed! It thrills our pulses,
And bids us lift our head,
Ring out your praises, Liberty
For Tyranny is dead!

Redeemed! In trumpet tones to all
We spoke our sovereign will,
The trickster dares not cheat us now
With all his cunning skill!

Redeemed! In trumpet tones come back
To us from all the land,
And North and South at last unite
In friendship's holy band!

Redeemed! It rings the looked-for knell
Of th' oppressors of our State,
They see the writing on the wall
And tremble for their fate!

Redeemed! At last from tyranny
We give our thanks to God,
Who after our long servitude
Has broke the despot's rod!

While studying in the Boys' High School, James McLoughlin worked in the law office of Hudson and Fern. Those bitter days following the Civil War and Reconstruction times in Louisiana were hard teachers to many a youth, and this one received his tuition under trying circumstances. The gentlemen of the firm were interested in him from the beginning and not only directed his reading in their classic library, but frequently took him, in vacation, to their own summer homes.

The graduating class of 1874 of the Central High School walked out in a body when a negro teacher was introduced as a member of the faculty. This class, of which Mr. McLoughlin was a leader, did not receive their diplomas until 1883, as the event mentioned occurred several weeks before graduation day. The School Board, by special resolution, decided to give these boys their diplomas nearly ten years later.

After leaving school, Mr. Hudson sent young McLoughlin to the John Henry Shoe Company for employment, where he soon became the head bookkeeper, attaining this responsible position before he was twenty-one. After a few years of clerical work the strain began to tell on him and the

company offered him an opportunity to travel as their confidential agent. This change sent him out into the open air and he traveled all over Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, parts of Mississippi and Tennessee, looking up old land claims and making new friends for the firm.

His ambition suggested a higher call, and he studied law, graduating from Tulane University in 1888. A fine practice came to him immediately and he located in the law office of Judge Frank McGloin. Mr. McLoughlin married Nora McGloin in 1898 and two children were born, one of whom died tragically from an accident in his sixth year. Frank McLoughlin, the second son, survives his father and, having taken his degree in law, now occupies his office.

James J. McLoughlin was a leader in every reform movement projected in Louisiana during his life. His work with Mr. B. R. Forman, forfeited the charter of the old waterworks company and made it possible for New Orleans to build her present splendid water plant. The anti-lottery campaign, Young Men's Democratic Association, Citizens' League, Orleans Democratic Association—these are the movements in which he took active part. In the last years of his life he sought to untangle the city railway problem and restore five cents carfare to the people. This work was done against the advice of physicians, who warned him of a serious degeneration of the heart muscle. Knowing of this dangerous condition for several years, he did not change the method of his life, but presented the same happy exterior to his friends.

Everyone remembers the sunny disposition that radiated cheerfulness and the Irish wit that continually bubbled forth. This glow of personal charm seemed to reach out from him and touch the mainsprings of even the most pessimistic. A true apostle of joy and good cheer, he was yet more than this, establishing himself, as he did, in the strongholds of literature, art and philanthropy, always dealing with true Christian charity towards those who came in his way. As much as he loved the high and fine things

of life, he loved his fellow men more. His ready response to all who asked favors of him will never be forgotten as his genial acts came spontaneously alike to rich and poor.

As a lecturer, Mr. McLoughlin was charming. No matter what subject he selected, his natural inclination touched it up with wit and his storehouse of varied knowledge gave depth and interest to his theme. Few surpassed him as a toastmaster as he had the power to carry an evening without a moment's dullness. At all public functions he was called upon to give those inimitable Jack Lafaience speeches, which were always unprepared. As extemporaneous efforts, they showed powers of observation, quickness of thought and depth of sarcastic humor that have been seldom found combined in one character.

I have spoken of Mr. McLoughlin as everyone has known him, as lawyer, scholar, lecturer and citizen, but, I can here mention hidden chapters of his life that were revealed only to the closest personal friends.

President of the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for many years, one of the organizers of the Juvenile Court and assistant framer of its laws—these are public works. His private charities were as widespread and diversified as all the other efforts of his life.

We will remember him in the fullness of his manhood, cut down suddenly at the zenith of his attainments. Still we know that time effaces our most cherished memories and I am going to close this article with the lines of his own poem, "Forget-me-not." It comes to us as a message from the great Beyond and the crystallization of the thought has been wrought by the publication of this book. It is a memorial to him. Senator John Dymond, who has passed to the company of friends in the heavenly home, before his death, made it possible for these sketches to be gathered and published. His great friendship for Mr. McLoughlin, and that of the members of the Round Table Club, have encouraged Mrs. McLoughlin to edit these Jack Lafaience papers and enabled her to give them to the public in the

form of a book. And other friends, testifying to Mr. McLoughlin's lovableness, have willingly done their bit for the volume. The Dedication was written by Mr. Henry W. Robinson and the Foreword by Dr. Pierce Butler.

Every time his unique humor is revealed through these printed pages, he will live again and bring into our homes a message from his rare storehouse of typical characterization.

BUSSIÉRE ROUEN.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

When Eve, condemned and banished,
From Eden, turned to fly,
She wandered thru' its gardens
To bid her flowers good-bye.

But the chaste and spotless lily
Tossed aside her haughty head
And the queenly roses, blushing
For her shame, from white turned red.

And the poppy's scarlet blossom
A darker crimson grew,
And e'en the violet, shrinking
From her pollution drew.

With heavy heart and saddened,
She left them, dumb with shame,
But when she neared the portal
She heard one call her name.

And there, a small blue blossom
That clustered round the spot,
Cried, as she passed the dwelling,
"Dear Eve, forget me not."

Eve heard the kindly greeting,
Then stooped and clutched it fast.
And to her lips she pressed it
As through the gates she passed.

And 'tis thus, of all the flowers
That bloom 'neath earthly skies,
The forget-me-not alone can claim
Descent from Paradise.

YE WEATHER RHYME

by Vic Calver



Last night we laid him in the grave—
A leader, patriot and man!
His life was generous and brave;
He fought, but jested, as it ran!
McLoughlin, with his warrior lance
Poised ever for a fight with guile;
Our well-beloved "Jack," whose glance
Could gleam like steel or beam a smile!

When civic pride or justice called,
The cap and bells he cast aside,
And fought when others were appalled—
Thus bravely lived—and bravely died!
Here cracked a great and mighty heart.
We loved him long, revere him now;
His passing leaves our grievous part
To place the laurel on his brow.

Adieu, Friend Jack! If sturdy worth
And charity the angels prize,
Your journey onward from this earth
Must end in God's own Paradise!
As if the elements were bowed
Today above his grave to pray,
They veil the heavens in a cloud
And wrap the world in robes of gray!

This beautiful tribute appeared in *The Times-Picayune* two days after Mr. McLoughlin's death.



NOTE

The following lectures and humorous skit have been inserted in "The Jack Lafaience Book" at the request of friends.

Mr. McLoughlin was a deep student of civic problems and an authority on subjects pertaining to municipal affairs. The late Senator Dymond suggested that an example of Mr. McLoughlin's serious work be given in this volume, as a tribute to the author and his versatility. The editors have reprinted this lecture "A Municipal Problem" to show that student and humorist were combined in the personality of Jack Lafaience—Mr. James J. McLoughlin.

"Hey, Diddle, Diddle," speaks for itself and throws light on a different phase of Mr. McLoughlin's powers as a humorist.

He wrote "Twenty-five Dollars or Thirty Days" in 1908 and, for several years following that date, was repeatedly invited to give it both in New Orleans and outlying parishes.

A MUNICIPAL PROBLEM—1905.

The impartial observer of American Institutions, who studies the practical workings of our system of government, has long ago concluded that the weak point in that system is the Municipality.

Our National and State governments, though perhaps, not spotless, are yet comparatively free from open dishonesty. Occasionally the trail of the briber may lead us to a Capitol, but there he does not flourish. It is in the City Halls of our municipalities that the grafted, and the franchise-monger thrive and grow fat.

All of which is strange to comprehend, at first, because the affairs of a municipality are supposed to be constantly under the eye of those whose interest it is to see their government honestly administered. But in practice, citizens and taxpayers of a city, say New Orleans, are densely ignorant of ways and means employed to dispose of the taxes they so grudgingly contribute.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the shortcomings, if any there be, of our City government. It is not for me to deal with the political side of our problem. Rather is it my hope to enlist the lively interest of my fellow-citizens in one particular phase of municipal business, to the end that, public opinion being awakened, improvement may result.

The greatest problem of municipal government is, the financial one. Demands of civilization must be met. The densely crowded acres must be kept clean and free from disease and dirt; darkness of night must be dispelled with artificial light; roadways must be paved with stone or asphalt, and be maintained in good order; daily refuse from thousands of households must be expeditiously removed, and destroyed; the sick and destitute, the orphan

and aged, must be fed, housed, and clothed. Water supply, and sewage removal, are modern necessities.

And, costliest of all, the evil-disposed, the law-breaker, must be controlled, segregated, and punished.

These things require money, and the people must find that money. Unlike the Nation, the city cannot, by a cunningly devised excise or import system, collect its revenue by clever disguises. The city must levy taxes that are seen and felt, and rarely has a municipality any other considerable source of revenue. True, did she husband the privileges and franchises she so lavishly dispenses to private corporations, she might enjoy a princely income; but city governments understand not the word "NO" when the hand of a corporation is extended in supplication.

Therefore, some scheme of revenue-raising must be devised to meet these appalling demands.

As this paper is intended to help, as best it can, the solution of our own local problems, I will not touch upon the methods of other cities, except for comparison or instruction.

New Orleans has a population of probably 325,000. Her estimated revenue for 1905, according to the official Budget, is \$4,188,439.46, of which \$1,902,921.52 is applied to the Sewerage and Drainage, and Public Debt. This leaves \$2,285,517.94 for the city's alimony. This amount is still further reduced by a law that requires 20 per cent of it to be devoted to the "Public Improvement Fund," thus leaving only \$1,828,414.36 for expenses of administration.

Our crime bill uses \$410,500 of this—in other words, that amount is budgeted for the various criminal courts, police, sheriffs, recorders, jails, and other agencies having to do with the enforcement of the criminal laws—including \$10,800 to the two houses of refuge for juvenile offenders.

It is unnecessary to go further into the details of our municipal expenditures; suffice it to say that it is con-

ceded, even were the pruning knife applied wherever possible, there would still be required additional income to properly conduct the city's business. Therefore, to solve our problem, we must look to the credit side of our municipal cash book, and see where we can increase our receipts. Direct taxation it is out of our power to increase, for we have reached the Constitutional limit. Besides that, our camel of a property holder cannot carry any more straw, and we must stop just short of the breaking point if we wish to keep the animal alive to support us.

Our Budget for 1905 shows income is counted from the following:

1. Direct tax on property.....	\$1,585,767.94
2. Interest paid by delinquents.....	60,000.00
2. Public markets	185,000.00
4. Fines, fees, and forfeited bonds.....	19,000.00
5. Interest on city deposits in banks.....	16,000.00
6. Licenses on businesses and professions..	394,000.00
7. Sundry other sources.....	25,750.00
<hr/>	
Total	\$2,285,517.94

Obviously, as our Real Estate is now valued by our Assessors at its full value, and our market revenues can scarcely be increased, and our other sources are nominal, there remain but two things to be done, viz:

1. An increase of personal property assessments.
2. An increase of License taxation.

As to the first, it is a most difficult matter. Personal property is elusive, and at the same time essential to our commercial prosperity. Our tax-rate—29 mills State and City—is one of the highest in America—considering our basis of valuation—and if we tax personal property at its full value, as we do real estate, we would kill commerce. Not a merchant in New Orleans could remain in business here if his merchandise were assessed at its insurance valuation; not a savings bank in the city could last, if it

paid taxes on all its loans and deposits. Our local Insurance Companies, that once were so numerous, and whose business stretched its nets across the South, have dwindled and reduced, and been forced to relinquish the field to the foreigner, because of heavy taxes. No, it is neither expedient nor politic to increase our municipal revenues by increasing our assessments on personal property.

This leaves for us a study of our License Legislation, that we may see if we can find help there. If we can, then it is high time to awaken public opinion by a thorough discussion of our local license system, for many believe that an intelligent readjustment of its provisions will go far towards the solution of the problem we have set before us.

The license system of Louisiana is *sui generis*. It was the custom of our French and Spanish forbears to raise all their taxes from other sources than by taxes on real estate, and, with that end in view, they sought to make the food, the amusements, the occupations, of the people, bear the burdens of government. Barriers at the city gates where incoming lettuce and potatoes and chickens paid their tribute, gold embroidered officials who trafficked in marriage, birth, and death permits, market-houses owned by the government wherein the citizen must buy his food, or go hungry, as it could be sold nowhere else, officially conducted lotteries and gambling-houses, taxes on chimneys, petty exactions from peddlers and bakers and praline women—in short, by a thousand such makeshifts and oppressive regulations our revenue was gathered.

As New Orleans grew, the system grew with it, but ever more irksome. The last Budget of the Spanish municipal government in New Orleans—that of 1802—provided for raising \$19,278.00—not one cent of which was direct tax on property, but of which \$12,000.00 was levied on food. To-day, after a hundred years of freedom, Louisiana in general, and New Orleans in particular, are more Spanish than ever in antiquity of methods of taxation; compared

with the other cities of the Union, we are fearfully and wonderfully made, as far as taxation is concerned.

Our License Ordinance is one of the most ingenious and tyrannically devised schemes of oppression ever compiled by man. It exempts no one. The doctor and the midwife who usher us into life, the undertaker and the lawyer who respectively bury our bodies and open our successions, pay for the privilege of doing so. The poor Irish woman who sells charcoal in her little shanty pays for the privilege proportionately a hundred fold more than the merchant prince who sells his silks in Canal street. And remember, this taxation is double; because every person pays two licenses, one to the City, the other to the State, equal in amount. The classification is grotesque. For example, hackmen, undertakers, lawyers, billposters, oculists, draymen, physicians, mechanics, editors, dentists, stevedores, owners of ferryboats, jewelers, and keepers of horses for hire, are all in one class; another single class includes gas companies, sugar dealers, sawmills, telephones, oilcake dealers, brewers, and cotton presses. The maximum for a pawnbroker is \$500. If you are a money broker, and get commissions of \$20,000, you pay a license of \$112.50, but if you are a small contractor, or carpenter, and with your own labor and that of your employees you build houses, you are licensed not on your profits, but on the amount of work done, and if the gross amount of your contracts is \$20,000, your license is \$120, even though you make not a cent of income by it. One of the worst features of our license system is its restrictions on liberty of individual action—we take away from the citizen his means of making a living for he must first pay his license, and then he can go to work. Should he try to work first to earn money to pay his license he will be taken before a Court and committed to jail for contempt, as was actually done some years ago to a local attorney who, by the way, is now on the bench, safe from the arm of the tax-gatherer.

Take our remarkable markethouse idea, for example;

the City owns the public markets, and forbids anyone to sell in any house within six squares of a market anything that is sold in the market. We forbid peddlers selling vegetables or market produce in the public streets except in the afternoon. This law is one of the most oppressive regulations ever suffered by the poor of any community.

Not content with levying a high tax rate (\$29 per \$1,000), on real property, we also levy on business men a most iniquitous and burdensome license, or occupation, taxes with, however, one exception. There is one line of trade to which New Orleans offers every encouragement, and with that end in view, places the license tax on that particular business at a rate out of all comparison—I refer to the BAR-ROOM business.

The license we exact from barrooms is only \$100 per annum. New York City exacts from \$100 to \$800, and some, as Haverhill and Fall River, Mass., \$1,800, but, excepting Richmond, Va. (\$50); Nashville, Tenn. (\$72); Evansville, Ind (\$75); San Francisco, Cal. (\$84); Covington, Ky. (\$100); we are the cheapest liquor city in the United States. Now do not think that I forget we have a graduated license system, by which the amount of license is fixed by the amount of sales; that is all very well in theory, but in practice, the minimum of \$100 is all that New Orleans barrooms pay, in proof of which ,the official returns for 1904 report collections of \$165,400 fro n 1603 saloons.

As a matter of fact, most of the cities exact licenses from very few occupations or businesses, except saloons, and in general, use such tax mainly as a police regulation, and not for revenue.

A study of the tabulations of the bulletin to which I have referred, and from which I have derived much of my statistics will show that of the 137 cities of the United States whose population exceeds 30,000, only four (of those levying liquor licenses) derive more money from their total business licenses than they do from their total liquor licen-

ses. And those four are Kansas City, Mo.; Atlanta, Ga.; Richmond, Va., and our own New Orleans. In New York, 90 per cent of the total license revenue comes from bar-rooms; in Milwaukee, 92 per cent; in Boston, 97 per cent; in Buffalo and Detroit, 94 per cent; in Chicago, 84 per cent; in St. Louis, 62 per cent; in Philadelphia, 83 per cent; in Baltimore, 83 per cent; in Jersey City, 97 per cent—and so on, all down the list, while here in New Orleans, our liquor dealers only pay 36 per cent of the license revenue, and other businesses and occupations contribute the remaining 64 per cent.

Verily, if our sister-cities teach us anything, it is that our entire license system is sadly out of joint, and cries out for mending.

A careful consideration and comparison of the figures quoted, raises the question, has not the day arrived for New Orleans to abolish all her license taxes on other businesses, and occupations, and levy upon liquor selling alone, hereafter? Perhaps there might be included a few occupations, or pursuits, requiring police supervision, as theatres, pawnbrokers, traveling shows, race tracks, and the like.

We have at hand a new provision, in our late Constitution, permitting us to fix the rate of liquor licenses as high as we desire; all other licenses must have as their maximum the rate fixed by the State for her license. In practice, the City Council never makes any pretence of enacting any license ordinance, as original legislation, but simply copies the State law, word for word—which explains why we see in a city ordinance a section creating perjury, a thing that nothing but the State Legislature can do—thus showing the extreme carelessness with which so important a measure is treated by the municipal legislative body. In addressing ourselves to the consideration of this branch of the subject, we can make use of an admirable compilation made by the late incumbent of the City Treasurer's office, which gives in detail the number and amount of licenses collected in 1904 to July 1st. of that year. As they cover practically

90 per cent of the collections for the entire year—the amount received per the report being \$387,000.00—this report will serve every purpose as a basis for our calculations.

The tabulation is full of curious interest.

Omitting what are known as “One-night bar privileges” (which are \$5.00 permits to clubs and picnics for special occasions), there were 8,592 licenses issued, of which 1,603—or less than one-fifth—were to barrooms. Of these 1,603 saloons, only 19 paid a license in excess of \$100. Which means that 1,584 saloons did an annual business of less than \$5,000 each. Were it not too invidious a distinction, I would read out to you the addresses of these 19 barrooms, for doubtless you will wonder how the scores of saloons occupying costly locations on our principal thoroughfares, can exist at all.

Indeed, unless we paraphrase the words of Holy Writ, and say, “All barkeepers are liars,” we must believe that several hundred men are engaged in this fascinating business at a constant loss simply to gratify a charitable impulse to give drink to the thirsty. I can point you out a saloon—a saloon, did I say? Yes, several saloons—whose known expenses for rent, barkeepers, and lights are double the gross receipts sworn to upon their license affidavits, and yet those openhanded gentlemen grow rich at the business, despite their constant depletion. Whiskey surely produces curious hallucinations.

I will not tire you by reading the compilation of Mr. McGrath from the City Treasurer’s office, but I wish it could be printed in compact, tabular form, for ready reference, and a copy taken home and studied by every citizen of New Orleans, man or woman.

If a review of the facts and figures were laid before you and impresses you as it has me, you will be driven to the conclusion that New Orleans must fall into line with her sister-cities on the license question. And that means that all licenses upon ordinary professions and businesses must

be abolished, and license taxation must be limited to bar-rooms and to a few other places that call for police regulation. Hold the liquor seller responsible for your crime-bill, and pay it with his licenses.

What I advocate is no experiment. It is in practice, and successful, everywhere. It is easily applied. Necessarily, the application of this principle of taxation will involve the levying of what is popularly known as a 'high license.' The amount is to be decided, after careful weighing of all arguments. As our Treasurer's figures show, an increase to \$300 per saloon would make up for all the other licenses paid by other businesses, whose licenses I would abolish.

I do not think the innovation of a high license would work so great a hardship as some fear. I think that just as much whiskey would go down our throats from \$2,000 bars as now drips down over the \$100 counters. The police department would find life easier. It is the corner saloon that is the hotbed of crime and the scene of the midnight murder. And every saloonkeeper who pays his license will be vigilant to detect and close unauthorized dives.

But apart from the immense benefit to the morals of the community will be the instant relief to our almost empty municipal packetbook. From an annual revenue, as now, of \$400,000 from licenses, New Orleans will gather in a million. All other occupations being relieved from this onerous burden, the commercial life of New Orleans will advance by leaps and bounds, emulating those other cities who long ago did away with so un-American a system of tax-gathering.

Crime will diminish. The vile dens that sap the life of our workingmen will disappear. That centre of corruption, the corner "doggery," with its adjunct of the card and dice room, now the plague spot of so many a decent neighborhood, will vanish, and thousands of heart-broken mothers will say, "Thank God," for the removal of this house of temptation for their growing sons.

I believe this movement for what is styled "High License" is going to win. It must win, because when the moral and financial welfare of the people move along the same line, nothing can stop them. The liquor interests, so-called, the brewers, the whiskey manufacturers, and their wholesale agents, I believe, will welcome a system which, regulating their methods of distribution, and lessening their cost of doing business, will yet not in the least diminish the consumption of their wares.

But, as before said, over and above all other considerations is the absolute necessity of finding money for the needs of government. And that will force the municipal legislator to use the only really available means of increasing the city's alimony. Unlike a direct tax, he need not divide it with that octopus, the Board of Liquidation. It goes entire into the city's alimony.

With the political aspect of the proposition, I have nothing to do. That must be looked after by the professional politician. Yet I am convinced the majority of the voters of New Orleans will favor the change, if the matter is put fairly and squarely before them. Rather it is my purpose here to direct the public mind to the thoughtful consideration of such facts and figures as are, in my humble opinion pertinent to a proper understanding of the case.

And then, when November comes, and the wise men who sit in the Marble Hall by Lafayette Square, watched over by the silent effigy of America's great philosopher, begin their task of preparing a Budget for 1906, an educated public sentiment will have taught them the wisdom and the political expediency of profiting by the experience of other communities.

“TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS OR THIRTY DAYS!”

Many years ago, in the course of an examination of law students, the venerable Randall Hunt, dean of Tulane University, startled a young disciple by the queries:

“Young man, why is it, when you walk the streets, a car does not crush you?

“Why does not a house topple down and kill you?

“Why does not some ruffian rob and murder you?

“Why, when you sleep in your bed, does not a burglar enter your home and rifle your household?

“Who protects you from all these and a thousand other evils?

And when the young law student confusedly said he didn’t know, the aged jurist replied:

“Sir, it is the law. The law prescribed the manner in which vehicles use the highways; the law prescribes the method of erecting buildings; the arm of the law restrains the robber’s hand, the murderer’s bludgeon, the criminal’s instinct of depredation. It is woven into every fiber of civilized life, and every act of man is shaped by some law, prescribed by authority.”

And the Professor was right, for reflection and observation show how intimately the law of the land enters into our daily life and avocations.

Some witty writer, preaching on the revenue laws, showed the grasping fingers of the government, like the arms of Briaerius, stretched in all directions, and that nothing is too obscure, remote, or insignificant to escape their greedy clutch. From the swaddling clothes of the infant to the last nail driven in the coffin of old age, the tax gatherer has levied tribute on them all. The sweat of the laborer, the brains of the lawyer, the gains of the gambler, the hoard of the miser, the black bread of the poor, the bank checks of the rich, all pay toll to that great might which makes right.

Through stamp taxes innumerable, through custom-house duties, internal revenue exactions and a thousand other channels, the great gulf of taxation drains the little brooks and rills of personal wealth.

But it is not my purpose to speak of taxation—that would be a field in itself. Rather it is my pleasure to browse among the law books and cull from their pages numerous peculiarities whose recital will be the *raison d'être* of my caption. We Americans are accustomed to boast of our freedom and our liberty—at least insofar as those of us who live in sovereign states are concerned—and to pity the poor slaves and paupers of effête Europe, groaning under the burden of oppressive laws that regulate in detail every act of their miserable lives.

Now, I propose to show to-night that there are laws enough, and of such a nature, upon our own statute-books, that, if enforced, would either make us more wretched than even our Filipino subjects, or would sting us to another revolution.

Because we are ignorant of these laws, and because the officers charged with the execution of them are also ignorant of the great power they possess—because of this, I say, I venture to paraphrase the ancient maxim, and show that “Ignorance of the law excuses everybody.”

A subject so vast, a field so wide cannot be even galloped over in a talk like this. Perforce, then, we must confine ourselves to a corner of this great legal domain. Therefore I will eschew the grander heights of national and state legislation, and will endeavor, in this discursive paper, to interest and amuse you—perhaps in some respects astonish—with a review of divers ordinances of the City of New Orleans, still having the force of law—ordinances under which any policeman may throw any of us into the patrol wagon.

Now the city ordinances start out with the idea that the Mayor and his policemen must enforce all ordinances, and the citizens must not do anything to prevent their enforce-

ment. Therefore, logically, the first thing the government does is to impress the citizen with a proper sense of the majesty of the law and the sacred character of its agents. The immediate agents of the law in this city are the policemen. They are a class apart and are the embodied dignity of the municipality. No citizen is allowed to ‘cuss’ one of these guardians of the law, nor even, in the words of the law to “use opprobrious language to or with reference to any member of the New Orleans city police.”

Numerous ordinances extant are relative to the manifold duties of the policemen. He enforces the laws; he is the censor of public morals; he is the Court of first instance in all questions of violation of the law.

Let us consider a few of his powers and duties. In the first place, the majesty of the law must know its subjects. To that end, every policeman must ascertain and report to the Mayor the name of every businessman on his beat, and the character of his business. He must keep his beat clear of trespassers, yegmen and tramps. He must not let any “masher” stand in front of a church or theatre after or during a service or performance and must search all who enter a theatre, to see they have no weapons; also, that nobody keeps his hat on in a theatre while the curtain is raised.

Among his multitudinous responsibilities, is the arresting of wandering goats and cows and he is charged with the protection of the public against imposters.

Now this care prescribed by law for the Policeman extends itself to the unfortunate persons arrested by them. The law segregates criminals from non-criminals; males from females. In other words, when people are being sent to jail in the patrols, the known criminals must be sent in one wagon and the non-criminals, or rather persons not yet convicted of crime, must be sent in another wagon.

Men and women must be sent in separate vehicles and should any officer or person in charge of a lockup, court-house or other institution, put men and women in the same

vehicle, the said Officer, under the law, must be dismissed from the Police Force by the Mayor and cannot be appointed to any other post for twelve months; this punishment is also prescribed should he put criminals and non-criminals in the same vehicle.

Then, after the unfortunate has been sent to the Workhouse, the law with its solicitude follows him even after conviction. He is allowed to volunteer to work on the streets or in public buildings, and when so employed, he has as many days taken off his sentence as he works outside, and while so working he is given double rations, and furthermore, "such tonics or invigoratives as will be best calculated to increase or improve his efficiency." In other words, a good stiff whiskey toddy or Martini cocktail is one of his perquisites paid for out of the City Treasury.

The public morals of the City are looked after by our City Ordinances. You cannot have a public ball or cockfight without the Mayor's permit. Slot machines are not allowed in the City of New Orleans. Nobody except Officers of the Court shall pass the night in the Courthouse.

We look after our public contracts and franchise holders, and should any holder of a franchise overcharge a citizen, he is fined \$25.00 or thirty days.

A person who has once failed in a contract with the City, is not allowed to get another unless he squares up all delinquencies on the first contract.

As far as the liquor business is concerned with public morals, our City Fathers are very careful. No barkeeper can sell liquor to minors; no women can serve in barrooms; blacks and whites must be served in separate establishments. If any person under twenty-one years of age should be so bold as to go into a barroom and take a drink, the Policeman is compelled to seize him and have him incarcerated in Mr. Agnew's institution. The City even takes under its protective wing United States Soldiers and no soldier is allowed to take a drink in a barroom of the City of New Orleans unless he has a written permit from a commis-

sioned Officer of the Army. If he does, he is fined \$25.00 or 30 days and half the fine goes to the informer. Strange to say, there is no prohibition against a United States Sailor; he can drink in every barroom without asking anybody's permission. When it comes to taking care of health, the City of New Orleans is more than careful. Every milk man is obliged to furnish specimens of his milk to the Board of Inspectors; it is minutely prescribed how much water can be safely put into the milk; how much cream the cow must manufacture, and any violation of these provisions means the usual \$25.00 or 30 days to the unfortunate milk-man.

Should a child take sick in school, the teachers under the usual penalties, must send him home. They must not keep him in school and try to doctor him themselves.

Furthermore, should a parent expose his child to the danger of catching mumps, measles, whooping cough or other infantile disease, Recorder Fogarty will sock it to him (or her) \$25.00 or 30 days.

The arm of the law reaches into the public restaurant. First it requires the Restaurant keeper to post publicly a price list of everything on his ménú, then all pots and pans used in his kitchen must be examined regularly by the Board of Health—ice cream freezers, etc., come under the vigilant care of this same Board.

Bakers find the hand of the law heavy upon them. Every Saturday it is the duty of the Mayor to issue a price list fixing the price at which bread shall be sold during the week. Every shop must post these prices up and sell its bread at the price fixed thereon, under the usual penalty.

It is the duty of the Commissioner of Police and Public Buildings to inspect regularly bread offered for sale in the City of New Orleans and wherever he finds any bread that is unfit for consumption, it is his duty to seize and confiscate the same "for the use of the Orphan Asylums of this City," thus fulfilling the Scriptural injunctions laid upon the ancient Hebrews in Deuteronomy, fourteenth chapter, twenty-first verse: "You shall not eat anything that dies

of itself. You shall give it to the stranger in your gates, for he may eat it, or you may sell it unto an alien." Evidently the City of New Orleans regards these poor little orphans as "strangers and aliens," so that the unwholesome bread administered to them serves a double purpose—as it would seem a means to get rid of the bread and the orphans at the same time.

These civic Solons are very careful of the public rest, peace and quiet. Ours is a very quiet City, where no one may blow a steam whistle between the hours of 9 p. m. and 6:30 a. m. It is not allowed to play a hand-organ before 9 a. m., or after 10 p. m., and between 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. you must not play a hand-organ in the business district which might annoy the Bank clerks and merchants at their labors.

Some years ago an ordinance was introduced by Mr. Shields which required hand-organs, before receiving a license to play, to bring their tunes up to the City Hall and have the Mayor examine them and listen to them, and without his approval the tunes could not be played. But this ordinance aroused so intense an opposition—presumably from the citizens living around the City Hall—that it was not adopted.

Never give a toy pistol to your boy, nor allow him to blow a horn or to beat a drum. If your baby cries at night so loud that the neighbors can hear it, you will be fined \$25.00 or 30 days.

No peddler can cry his goods, or ring bells, or rap on the doors of citizens, but he must go through the streets quietly and silently, relying on the sense of sight and smell rather than upon the ear for the sale of his wares. This law is strictly obeyed, as we all know.

If any person shall "holler" fire when there is no fire, the Recorder shall fine him \$25.00 or 30 days.

Should any of the street car Companies so far forget themselves as to operate a car with flat wheels, that street car magnate may be sent to the workhouse to enjoy the Martini cocktails described above.

Children and grown persons are forbidden to play ball in public squares, which is one of the best observed ordinances.

The comfort of the people is further cared for by the prohibition of burning waste paper or trash in the street. The waste paper cannot be burned at all; the trash—though what the difference between paper and trash is I don't know—cannot be burned between 5 p. m. and 5 a. m.

The City, as I say, looks carefully after the comfort of citizens using the streets. For instance, the street car companies must water their tracks so as to keep the dust off of them. They must stop cars at all crossings—and two cars crossing Canal street together, if going the same way, one must stop until the other has gotten across the street; cars must come to a dead stop at all intersections, and when a car is about to take on or let off a passenger, other cars must not come within thirty feet of it. The front door of the car must be closed at the request of any passenger.

Outside of street cars, there are many rules for the public comfort of citizens in the streets. For instance, a grocer is not allowed to sell groceries at retail in the street; the seller of oysters is not allowed to pile oysters up on the banquette —this is particularly the case in narrow streets like Royal, where we see the benefit of such an ordinance.

Stablemen must not wash horses on the sidewalk ,they must take them out in the street for their morning bath and they must not drive horses loose through certain streets; all men driving horses for another, must wear conspicuously upon their back, a tag giving the name of their employer.

To hitch a horse in places where his pawing will disturb the citizens or neighbors is a misdemeanor. No vehicle of any kind, wheelbarrows, bicycles, baby carriages, etc., are allowed on the banquettes of the City—as they are requested to take the streets. Storekeepers, according to law, shall not leave boxes on the banquette, except during the necessary time for loading or unloading the same. No loaded vehicle shall traverse the streets of the City of New Orleans

faster than a walk and no empty vehicle shall travel faster than a slow trot. These two ordinances have done much to make the streets of New Orleans safe for pedestrians. We inculcate politeness by law in our drivers, for if any driver collides with another, he must stop and help the other man in case his assisatnce is needed. If he don't help him—\$25.00 or 30 days. Again a Biblical injunction, this time of the good Samaritan, is given the force of law.

We believe in aesthetics. We are very careful of the beauty of our streets for we have a Tree Commission which will not let you whitewash your trees and, also, you can't put a nail or sign in a tree. You can't hang your clothes on a fence or a tree to dry, nor post or paint, any advertisement on a curb stone, but this particular prohibition does not apply to notices of religious meetings, and this is very properly excepted.

You are not allowed to put circulars under doors unless you have the Mayor's permit to do so. Even in such a thing as the sale of corned-beef, the aesthetic spirit of the City Council is seen. The trays in which the corned beef is sold must be 26 inches long, 16 inches wide, 6 inches deep and must be made of clean white wood. No other City in the world is so careful of its corned beef.

You are not allowed to plant a tree or to cut down a tree in the streets without the permission of the Parking Commission.

We look after the dead as well as the living. Should anyone in the City of New Orleans happen to die in the summer time, they must be buried within 24 hours after their death. Children born in this city must have their births recorded within 24 hours, under the penalty of \$25.00 or 30 days.

Should a prominent citizen have a funeral, drivers must keep in line until they come within two blocks of the Cemetery, and then they are permitted to race and see who gets there first, but they must not do this racing until they come within 200 yards of the Cemetery.

We look after our animals very carefully. Pigeons are not allowed to fly at large and hogs must not be kept in the City limits—this refers, of course, to the four-footed kind. Wild animals belonging to citizens must be kept under an armed guard both day and night. The mules and horses hitched to drays have the amount of the load fixed by law and it means \$25.00 or 30 days for any driver to exceed the amount which has been fixed by law. Dogs and goats roaming the streets of New Orleans are impounded, and after being impounded, a strange thing happens. The dogs are killed but the goats are sold at public auction, and, strange to say, at the public auction the ordinance says: "The City of New Orleans shall be permitted to bid at such sales." I presume that the impounded goats bought by the City follow after the bread and are sent to the orphans.

Thus you see in every walk of life, in every act of the citizen, in everything that we do or do not do, the City Fathers have prescribed rules for our guidance. Were I to talk all night I could not begin to tell you all that you ought to know about the City Ordinances of New Orleans. You must remember that every ordinance adopted from the first City Council meeting away back in 1803, up to last Tuesday night, is in full force and effect, except where the same has been repealed by the City Council.

Therefore, my friends, you are in great danger. As I said in the opening of this lecture, the Mayor of the City of New Orleans with a Flynn's Digest under his left arm and a Policeman on his right arm, has your lives and liberties, at least to the extent of \$25.00 or 30 days, entirely at his mercy.

Go where you will, do what you may, you are either violating or obeying some City Ordinance, and if I have in some slight measure warned you of the fearful risk you undertake in attempting to live, move and have your being within the limits of the City of New Orleans, and under the control of these City Ordinances so fearfully and wonderfully made, my talk has not been in vain.

HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE!

(A Criticism.)

Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the Moon!
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the Spoon!

The above little poem, I dare say, is better known to fame than any other in the English language; yet very few of the millions who are familiar with its lines ever attempt to descend beneath the surface of its sparkling words to search for its hidden gems.

It is the purpose of this paper to point out to its readers a few of its many beauties in the hope that information and amusement may thereby be afforded to them all. Now, in reviewing any versification, we must first ascertain whether or not it is true poetry. The great rhetorician, Mr. Quackenbos, says: "Those compositions only fall under the head of Poetry into which the language of the imagination largely enters; which abound in metaphors, similes, personifications and other rhetorical figures."

Applying this measure or standard to our subject, it must be at once admitted that it falls within the scope of the definition, and is therefore, unquestionably, true Poetry. Observe the wide field which the author allows for the exercise of the imagination; and, as for rhetorical figures, here, in the limited compass of four short lines are introduced Personification, Hyperbole, Metaphor and Climax to say nothing of the strong suggestion of Onomatopaeia perceptible in the opening line.

In fact, judged by whatever standard we may select, its greatness is in no way belittled. Faultlessly perfect in rhyme and metre, replete with startling incidents and

grotesque combinations, appealing to our love of harmony by its smoothly flowing lines, it is not strange that it has survived the mutations of Time and escaped the oblivion to which have been consigned so many of its fellows.

With these few remarks upon its general characteristics, we will now proceed to review the beauties of the poem in detail. At the very threshold, as it were, we are compelled to acknowledge the all pervading genius of the author. In every work of literature it is primarily necessary, at the outset, to command the undivided attention of the reader; fully appreciating this great axiom, our author begins:

“Hey, diddle, diddle!”

The real merit of the exordium is apparent to the dullest comprehension. The words have the true classic ring. Compare with the opening sentence of Marc Anthony’s oration delivered over Caesar’s bleeding corpse:

“Friends, Romans, Countrymen!”

Mark the close resemblance in construction! How alike the sound! The effect produced is, if anything, superior to that which followed the impassioned speech of the old Roman.

And, believing in the venerable proverb, “Strike while the iron is hot,” whilst the attention of his reader is yet en-chained and absorbed by the transcendent charms of this exordium, the author seizes the favorable opportunity and proceeds to unfold his tale.

“The Cat and the Fiddle!”

What a beautiful sequence to so beautiful a preface! Mark the nice perception of the author, and his wonderful appreciation of the eternal fitness of things in his happy combination of the music of nature with that of art! Cat and catgut meet and mingle once again.

Here the gate is opened to us of a vast field in which our imagination may wander “in maiden meditation, fancy free.” We may indulge in suppositions that the sweet and silvery-toned voice of the gentle Tabby (or was it a Tommy? Who knows?) floated afar on the sighing zephyrs in sweet

unison with the enchanting music of the delicately fingered cords of the violin, freighting the air with richest melody, carrying peace and tranquility whithersoever its harmony was heard.

Or we may imagine a heart-broken and disconsolate feline gazing mournfully upon a severed string and weeping bitter anguish-laden tears that the lyre which once, Orpheus-like, had charmed the listening multitude was now consigned to the silence of eternal death.

Yes, dear friends, all those things we may imagine, and many more. The terse Victor Hugo style of the author renders it uncertain whether the most profound research shall ever lift aside the veil which conceals the genealogy, race, color and condition of this ancient feline from the eyes of a curious but sympathizing world.

But time passes, and without more ado we will proceed with our interesting task.

“The Cow Jumped Over the Moon!”

This line requires careful and attentive study. It appears to most minds extremely doubtful whether the bovine to which allusion is here made did actually possess agility sufficient to neutralize and overcome the force of gravity in order to attain to such an altitude. The mere fact of this corniculated beast *jumping* is easily believed, but for so placid and unambitious an animal to accomplish such a feat is very improbable, to say the least. Even if the physical condition of the intervening space were all that could be desired, yet the voyager to superlunary regions would be very apt to die a natural death of old age before arriving at the aimed-for goal. The author here, I am inclined to believe, intends to display his familiarity with hyperbole unless, as may be possible, he was the victim of an optical delusion. But this is not likely, and, after mature reflection and due consideration of all its aspects, I am obliged to express as my opinion that the author is only making use of violent hyperbole. We will here dismiss this subject and proceed:

“The Little dog laughed to see such sport!”

Here the text is much more explicit, and pays more attention to details than in any other portion of the poem. Some idea of the size of the dog can be had from the word “little;” for the author says “the *little* dog.” True, this does give us as much information as we might wish, but it nevertheless evinces a desire on the part of the author to enlighten us. What color or species of dog is not mentioned. Neither is the author any more luminous in regard to the name or habitation of the quadruped. The writer of this Criticism has made exhaustive research throughout all books which he considered likely to throw any light upon this line, but his most arduous endeavors have been fruitless, and unless some hitherto unknown work is revealed, it is feared that all particular information about the jovial brute will remain forever hidden behind the impenetrable curtain of his *incognito*.

But, we may enquire, at what “sport” does the object of our immediate consideration give vent to feelings of mirth? For we must carefully investigate the circumstances which impelled him to the exhibition of such an unusual hilarity. It is probable that the same was in a measure the result of the aerostatic gymnastics of the soaring cow, but this alone I do not consider sufficient to excite the dog’s sense of the ludicrous to such a high degree. It is exceedingly probable the feline to which reference was made in an earlier portion of the poem may have, by the aid of the musical instrument of which she was the possessor, been instrumental in producing such a result.

I will now reluctantly leave this line, and review the last line and crowning glory of our verse:

“And the dish ran away with the spoon!”

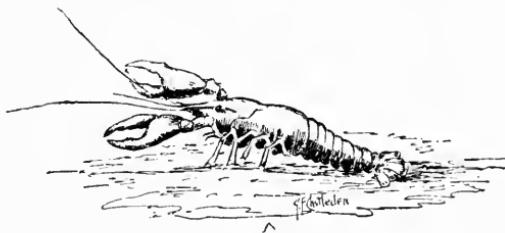
This is a truly beautiful metaphor. Admitting the hasty departure of the dish and its abduction, forcible or otherwise, of the spoon, we are at a loss to discover the reason of the strange proceeding. But before investigating this

branch of the subject, we are again called upon to admire the author's fine appreciation of the natural affinities of things; what has more affinity for a dish than its present companion, a spoon? Was not the one made for the other? And, considering the comparative strength and size of the dish, in connection with the greatly inferior extent of the same qualities existing in the spoon, we must admit that the action of the parties are just what we would be led to infer in the very nature of things. The author does not shake our faith by saying "The spoon ran away with the dish," for such an assertion would be manifestly more difficult to be sustained by natural argument; the author does not intend to sacrifice truth to sensationalism, for which he should be highly praised. The reason for the movement of the dish is not assigned; but we can easily find it. It was because of the impending consequences of the tremendous leap of the beforementioned cow; the dish perceived that animal rapidly descending from her lofty height and being apprehensive that in her descent she might not exercise sufficient circumspection to avoid crushing the unsuspecting spoon to a gelatinous mass, he felt his manly breast heaving with a desire to save; one moment more, and the noble and self-sacrificing dish rushed to the rescue and triumphantly bore off the object of his affections to a haven of security and rest.

This brings the poem to a close. Its meter, its rhyme, its melliflous cadence and its sparkling humor are in no way marred by harshness, by discord or by dullness; from exordium to peroration, from preface to conclusion, it is everywhere excellent. To the thoughtful reader it furnishes inexhaustible food for reflection; to the lover, the admirer, of genuine English poetry, it furnishes at once a study and a pleasure; to those who read without reflection or meditation, it commends itself for its brevity and its attractive narrative; to every one, high or low, rich or poor, the learned or the ignorant, it is a source of never-ending pleasure, amusement and mental instruction.

Here, the writer will conclude his Criticism. If he has succeeded in his object, which was to direct the attention of his hearers to a few of the manifold merits of this ancient production, he will feel that his labor has not been in vain.

And he can assure them that many of these little nursery rhymes would well repay a careful study. Remember that the greatest author of Modern History says that we may find—"Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."



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